Week ending July 24 1948

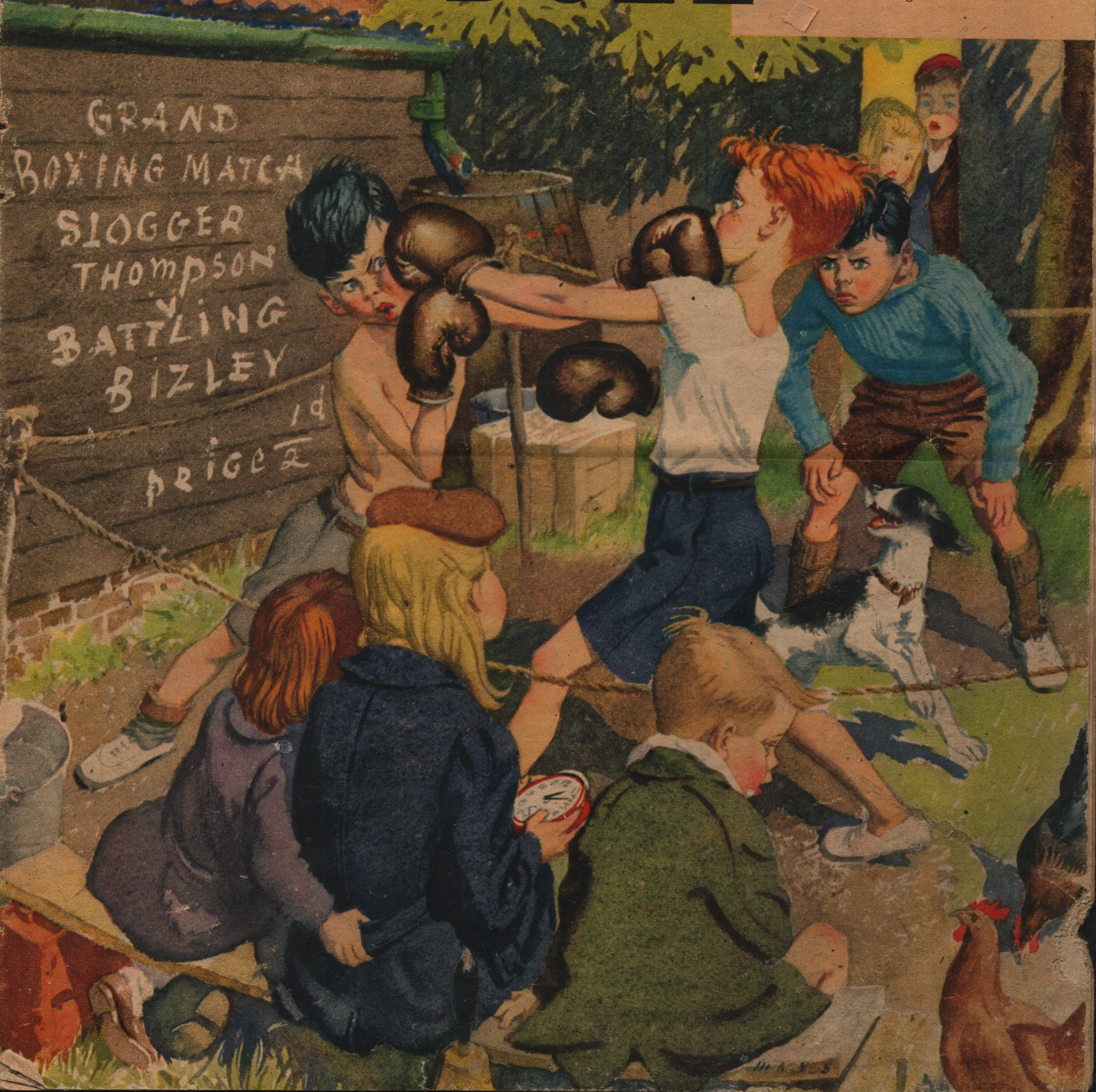
Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

A CHALLENGE TO OUR MORAL CODE

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

Page 5


GRAND
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HAYES

To serve on Summer evenings

The table is set, welcoming the family with its invitation to relax and enjoy a meal that refreshes and reinvigorates. Here are some suggestions for dishes in tune with Summer. Simple to prepare, they give you, too, more chance to enjoy the happy activities of the long, light evenings. Each recipe serves four and has been kitchen tested.

SUMMER FISH SALAD

1 lb. fillet of white fish, 1 lettuce, 4 oz. grated carrot, 3 oz. watercress, ½ pint salad dressing, 1 level tablespoon chopped pickle, 4 oz. tomatoes.

Remove any skin and bone from the fish, cut into four portions and steam 15-20 minutes; leave to cool. Prepare the lettuce and make a bed of it on a dish. Well mix the grated carrot with some of the salad dressing. Arrange the fish with the carrot and watercress round it. Pour the rest of the dressing over the fish so that it is well coated. Decorate with chopped pickle and tomatoes. This salad could be served on four individual plates.

STUFFED TOMATOES

4 large tomatoes, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. grated cheese, 1 level tablespoon chopped spring onions or parsley, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 1 level teaspoon mustard.

Slice the tops off tomatoes and remove core and pulp. Add breadcrumbs to the pulp and mix in the ingredients. Use a teaspoon to return the filling to the tomatoes, replace tops. Serve with some green salad, or, if liked, bake in the oven or heat under the grill and serve hot.

FISH ENVELOPE

This can be prepared beforehand, as it is delicious cold served with salad. Or serve hot, with green vegetable and potatoes.

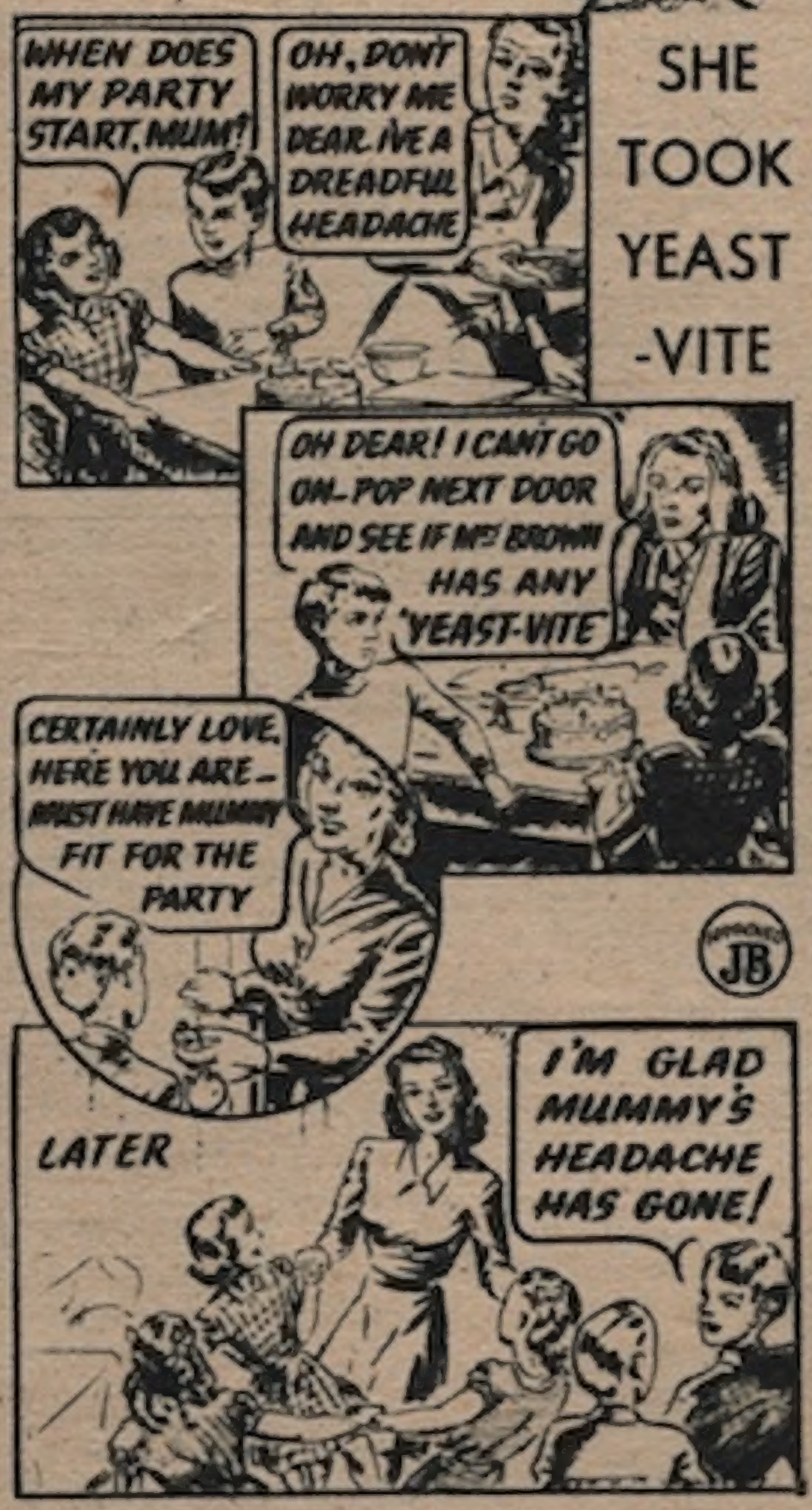
1 can Snoek, 6 oz. tomatoes, skinned and sliced, 3 level tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 3 level teaspoons salt, ½ level teaspoon pepper, 1 level teaspoon ground mace. PASTRY: *5 oz. plain flour and 2½ level teaspoons baking powder or 5 oz. self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 1 oz. fat, about 4 tablespoons cold water to mix.*

Flake the fish, removing any skin and bone and mix with the tomatoes, breadcrumbs, vinegar and seasonings. Roll the pastry to a 10-in. square and pile the filling in the centre. Damp the edges of the pastry and form into an envelope. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S200)

I'M GLAD MUM'S BETTER !


WHEN DOES MY PARTY START, MUM?
OH, DON'T WORRY ME DEAR. I'VE A DREADFUL HEADACHE
OH DEAR! I CAN'T GO ON - POP NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF MRS BROWN HAS ANY 'YEAST-VITE'
CERTAINLY LOVE, HERE YOU ARE - MUST HAVE MUMMY FIT FOR THE PARTY
JB
LATER
I'M GLAD MUMMY'S HEADACHE HAS GONE!

SHE TOOK YEAST-VITE

If you suffer from **HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA OR SLEEPLESSNESS** try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself.

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WOODPECKER
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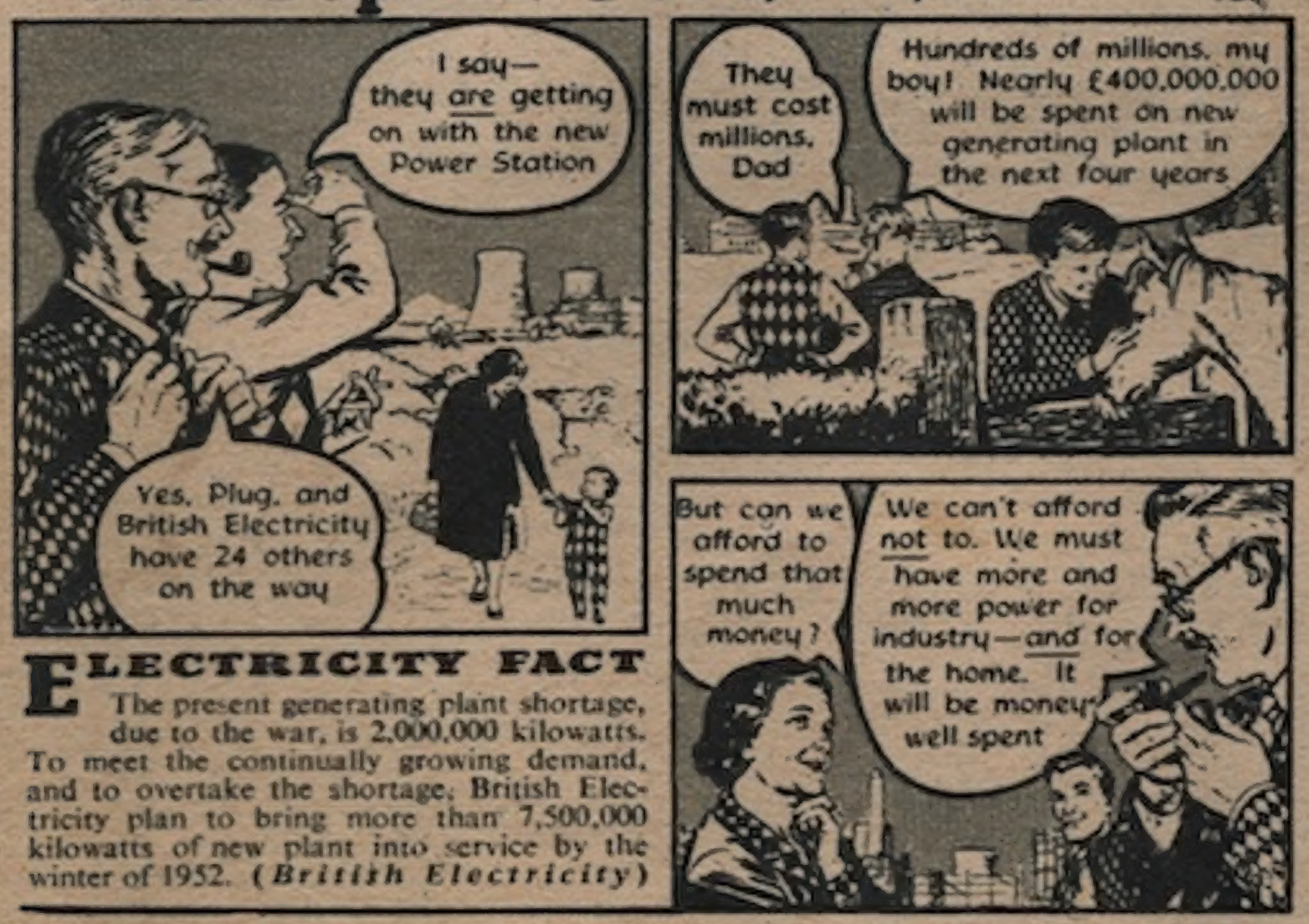
THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON

Father spends £400,000,000


I say— they are getting on with the new Power Station
Yes, Plug, and British Electricity have 24 others on the way
They must cost millions, Dad
Hundreds of millions, my boy! Nearly £400,000,000 will be spent on new generating plant in the next four years
But can we afford to spend that much money?
We can't afford not to. We must have more and more power for industry—and for the home. It will be money well spent

ELECTRICITY FACT

The present generating plant shortage, due to the war, is 2,000,000 kilowatts. To meet the continually growing demand, and to overtake the shortage, British Electricity plan to bring more than 7,500,000 kilowatts of new plant into service by the winter of 1952. (*British Electricity*)

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Smoother hands easier washdays with *FAIRY* soap

Your hands will stay smoother when you use Fairy Household Soap. That's because Fairy is pure soap and contains no harmful soda. Mild and thorough in action, Fairy cleans the dirtiest wash completely, easily—and is safest for skin and delicate fabrics.

Always ask for Olive Green

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SOFTEX *Inter-leaved* TOILET TISSUE

Hygienic
Economical
Awarded The Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene
Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, and Stationers.

S.M. 10

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT LONDON, W.1.

It's only natural . . .

. . . for the little chap to want to copy Daddy — busy in the garden — planting, watching things grow — always happily occupied, he's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put him out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs'. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs'

JB

JOHN BULL
186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
JULY 24, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2195

Help the War Pensioners

One of the first jobs for Hilary Marquand, the new Pensions Minister, is to persuade his Government colleagues to agree to find more money for disabled ex-Service men and women.

It should not be too difficult. This is a kind of pension which nobody grudges. Yet it is a kind which has remained inadequate.

What greater debt can a nation owe than to the young people who sacrifice their health, strength, limbs or sight in war for the common cause?

There is no more glaring contrast in human affairs than that between the fighting soldier out among the hell-fire of modern warfare and the business man quietly amassing profits from the same war in some safe town at home. Although inequality of sacrifice is inevitable, it is obviously right that when the soldier comes back broken from battle, which saved the stay-at-home's liberty and property, he should receive not merely a dole, but a substantial reward.

Unfortunately, these facts are forgotten very soon after a war ends. Gratitude—especially public gratitude—is apt to be short lived.

It is, therefore, a healthy shock when Sir Ian Fraser, the blinded M.P. who is ever the spokesman of war heroes, reminds us that for 650,000 of the partly disabled of two wars, pensions have risen by only 12½ per cent in twenty-nine years.

This is no way for a great nation to discharge a debt of honour!

We therefore welcome Mr. Marquand's assurance that Sir Ian's appeal for pension increases will have "sympathetic consideration." This promise should be followed by swift and adequate action.

Dentists in Rebellion

Now that the doctors are working hard to overcome early difficulties and make the National Health Service a real success, it is deplorable that the dentists are still staying out. The British Dental Association has advised them to do this. Yet the Ministry of Health has offered to pay them fees which are in fact higher than those charged at present by many dentists.

What's the trouble, then? The dentists are in rebellion because the Government has laid down flat rates of payment for specific services—so much for false teeth, so much for a filling, so much for an extraction. The British Dental Association wants to scale the fees differently, according to the individual dentist's own skill and experience and the special circumstances or difficulties of a particular job. It would prefer the Government to pay part or all of the cost of treatment by grants-in-aid.

The Ministry of Health says No. The payments it proposes are good average payments and in the long run the easy cases and the difficult cases should balance each other. Grants-in-aid would mean that dentists in short supply would spend more time on patients who can afford to pay extra charges; less on people who can't and who are probably most in need of dental treatment.

The Ministry is thinking in terms of prevention. It wants dental treatment to be a first priority for youngsters and mothers-to-be. The dentists are still thinking in terms of a curative service—of waiting until the damage is done and then undertaking repairs expensive in money and in health.

We believe the Ministry is right in principle, and the dentists are wrong. We hope that a reasonable compromise will be reached as soon as possible.

Bad Railway Food

John Bull has lately praised the British railways and pointed out what a comparatively fine job they are doing, on the whole, under the terrible handicaps bequeathed by the war. But we can still condemn weak spots in the organization—things which could be done much better.

One of these is the service of food on trains. Alfred Barnes, Minister of Transport, stated recently that 170 more restaurant and buffet cars are running now than last year.

Good; but the food and the cooking remain as bad as ever. Also, train meals are so dear as to be useless to the mass of the people. Only fairly well-to-do families can afford to eat them.

Now, there is no more excuse for bad food in small helpings on a train than there is in a café or restaurant. No one who ran a place in Soho as badly as a British Railways' dining car would ever see the same customers twice.

The railway passenger who needs a hot meal on a long journey is being made the victim of sheer bad catering and overcharged for it at that!

Drinks are even dearer than food; and the tipping system seems at its worst on wheels.

So here is a suggestion for Mr. Barnes and the management of our nationalised railways: let some, at least, of the new restaurant cars be *different*. Do away at once with the elaborate service of wretchedly poor meals; and with set menus at high, fixed prices. Provide instead a cheap, varied menu, such as any multiple teashop offers. Keep the prices down and the portions up. Scrap the tip-seeking type of waiter, if necessary, and substitute quick, easy self-service at a buffet.

In short, make train meals better and more democratic. Since we are assured that the railways now belong to us all, why should only a minority have the privilege of eating even bad meals on a train?

Olympic Courage

At four o'clock next Thursday, the King will open the first postwar Olympiad at Wembley. By that time some five thousand competitors from more than sixty different nations will have assembled.

It was a courageous act to undertake to stage the 1948 Games in war-battered London, three years after the end of hostilities. We are proud to hold the Games—in spite of the damage we sustained in the shooting and bombing war, and are still suffering in the economic war which has followed it. We are not ashamed of our austerities. We have no reason to be.

We expect our visitors to take us as they find us. And we are sure that Britain, despite the shortage of steaks and other things that have become luxuries, will put on a show worthy of a great nation.

No country in the world has a surer feeling for these occasions, or has displayed more genius for the staging of great national and international spectacles.

The organizers have gone all out to make the Games a triumphant success; the public will back them up.

GIBBS HAPPY FAMILIES **Pretty good brushwork!**

1 **MR. SMUDGE** the Sweep is so black that his children hardly know him. He doesn't even smile because his teeth are dingy, too.

2 **"WE NEED** brightening up," says Mrs. Smudge the Sweep's wife, "Gibbs solid dentifrice should help — it lasts long and makes teeth sparkle!"

3 **"JOLLY GOOD TASTE,"** says Master Smudge the Sweep's son, "and isn't it fun each having his own red, green or blue Gibbs case!"

4 **"HERE'S DADDY,"** calls Miss Smudge. "See his great big smile! And Mum says we can always use Gibbs because it costs so little!" **9d.** each.

GD 281-621

d for darling, and dimples, and development. **r** for rounded, rosy rascal. **s** for satisfaction, smiles, and sleep. **n** for Nestlé's Milk, full of creamy goodness, made easy for little stomachs to digest.

NEW

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3 GNS ONLY!

Fashioned from hundreds of fine materials—checks, pinheads, stripes, etc.—notice the clever waistband. Your local stockists will have a good selection

GOR-RAY *skirts one better!*
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IN WARM WEATHER

Bob Martin's

Journey's end!—and there's the beach and the cool green sea to be explored. A healthy dog has the time of his life in summer. But some dogs lie about listlessly, neglecting their food and continually scratching—because their blood is out of order. Give your dog one Bob Martin's once a day. This will help to purify his blood, to keep him happy, friendly and in fine condition. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets cost 8d. a packet and 1/8d. a large carton.

keep dogs fit

A PLEDGE TO HOUSEWIVES

The Private Enterprise Grocers and Provision Dealers hereby promise that in spite of post-war limitations and restrictions they will continue to give that personal service and maintain the " fair shares " policy which has for so many years distinguished them.

In return, we Private Enterprise Retailers ask the support of all sections of the public which believe that the personal touch between customer and grocer is a valuable contribution to a contented community.

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My Daddy's a Maclean-Shaven man!

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MACLEANS
Quick Lather
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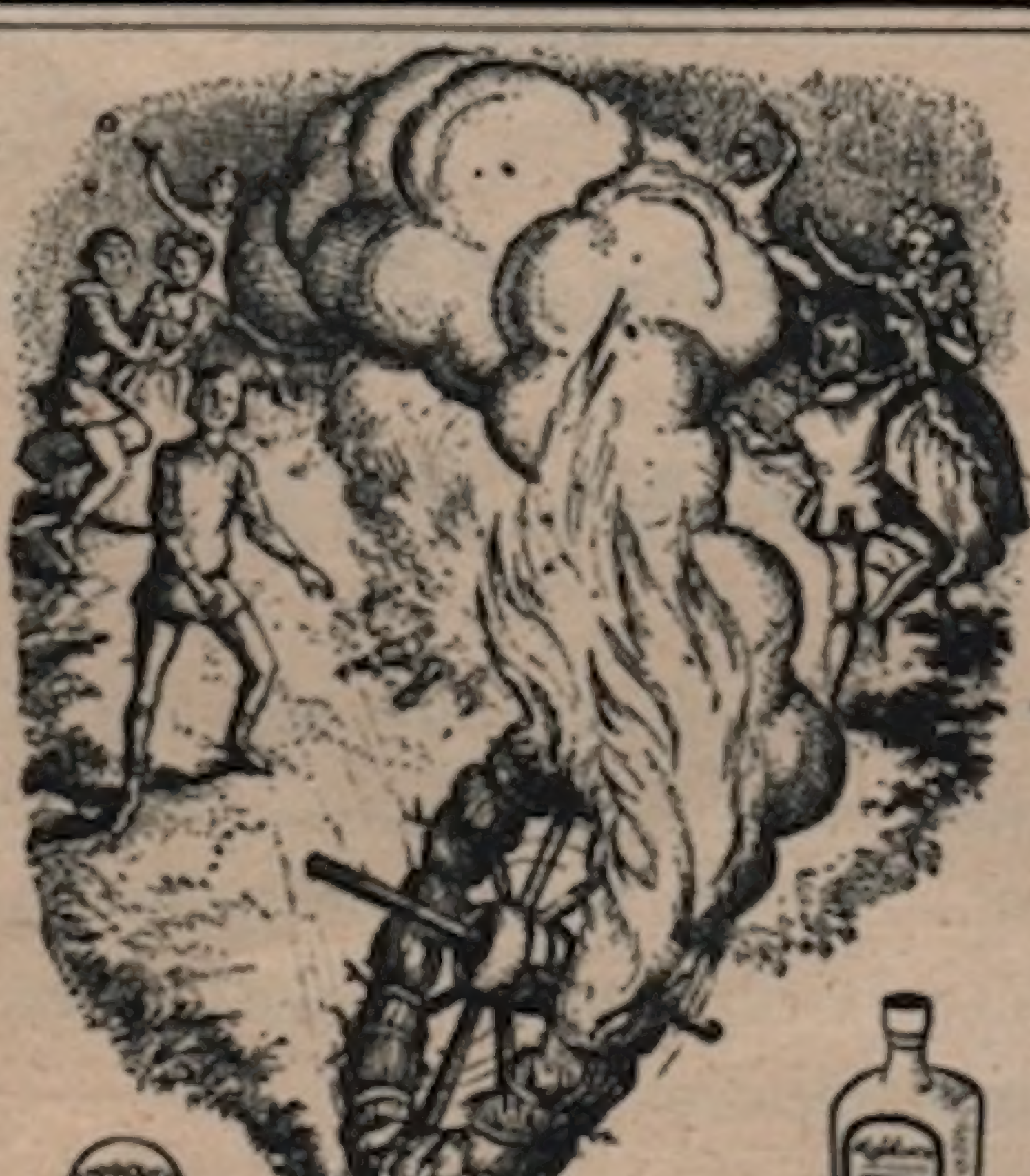
ENGLISH FESTIVALS

MIDSUMMER DAY



Midsummer Day (June 24th) was ushered in by the lighting of a hilltop bonfire at midnight. A flaming cartwheel was sent rolling down the hill. Then young men and garlanded girls danced round the fire until sunrise.

Nowadays, a welcome part of any celebration is a round of Maldano cocktails. Full pre-war quality at 16/6 a bottle. Keep one in reserve for entertaining.

Maldano WINE cocktails
for festive occasions

You've got something to smile about

. . . when you've had your morning Eno. Not only does its cheery sparkle buck you up — Eno clears your bloodstream of impurities. You feel fine — all day!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
for cheerful livers

2/3 and 3/11 a bottle (tax included)

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Lovely Satin Wall Finish. Not a Distemper, really Washable. Thus keeps its freshness and beauty for years.

2 **JAPLAC**
The gay lacquer for chairs, tables, etc.

3 **FLOOR STAIN**
The Stain with the mirror-like finish.

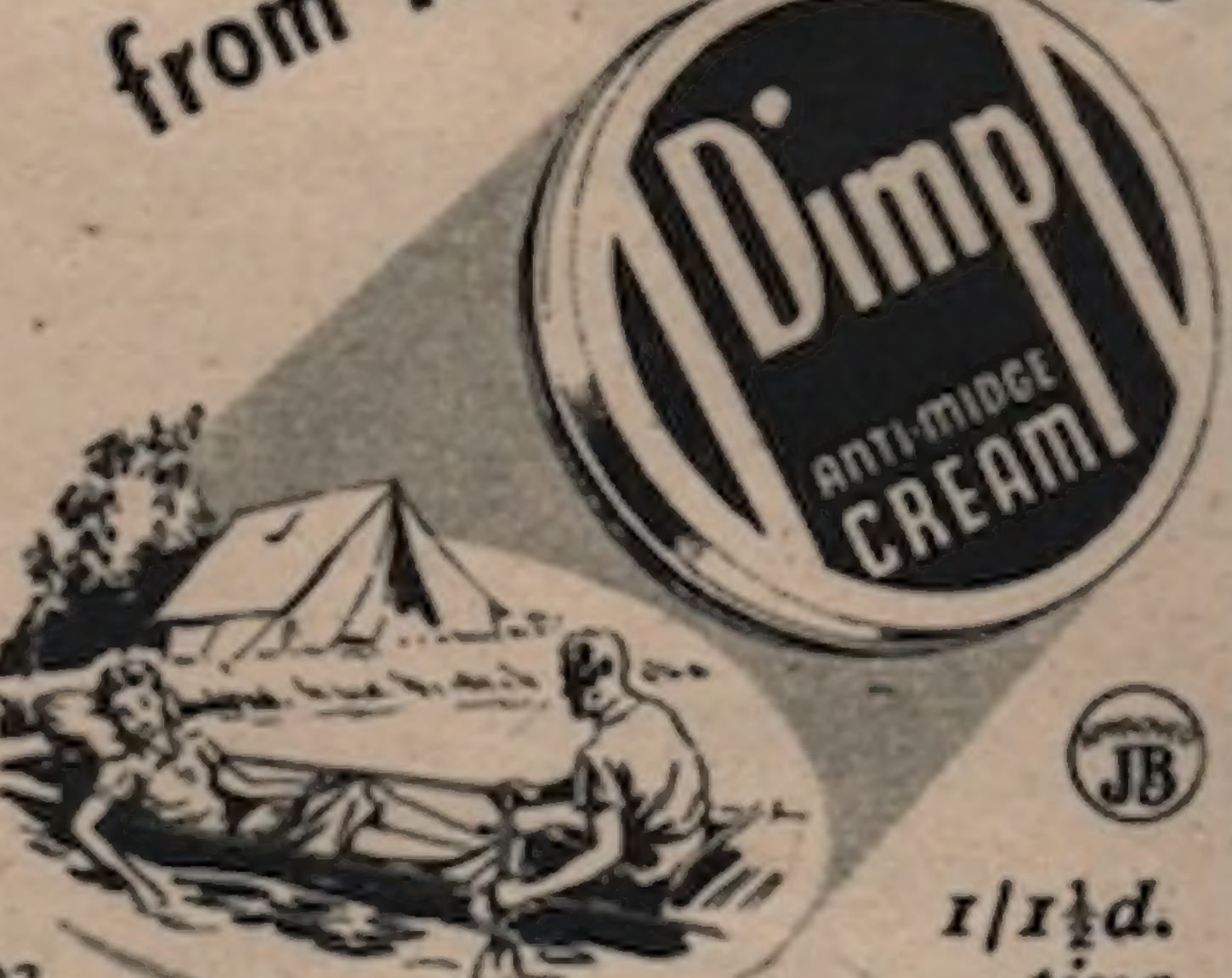
4 **LIQUID LINO**
Painted on your shabby lino will make it look and wear like new. In any colour you like.

5 **EVENGLO**
The reliable High Gloss Paint.

From all good Paint Stores and Ironmongers.
Makers :
COLTHURST & HARDING, LTD., BRISTOL.

Dimp Anti-Midge Cream keeps stinging pests away for hours on end. Non-greasy, odourless, vanishing.

PROTECTS YOU from MIDGE BITES



D2

1/1½d. tins

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Simpkins Vitalised Stomach Powder contains, in addition to the enzymes, diastase and papain, 35 international units of Vitamin B_1. If difficult to obtain send P.O. 2/- with name and address of your chemist for standard package to the manufacturers: A. L. Simpkin & Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Hunter Road, Sheffield.

SimpkinS
VITALISED STOMACH POWDER

TALES WITH A MORAL—NO. 2

Susie and the Scissors

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Susie once befell.
"With scissors," mother warned, "Don't play."
But Susie found them one fine day.
With cries of joy she goes snap! snip!
But suddenly the scissors slip
And Susie, crying now with terror,
Finds she has cut herself in error.

This story has a happy end,
For back comes mother with a friend
And quickly flies for 'Vaseline'*
Smoothed on at once, and all's serene.

Says Sue, "Next time, instead of crying,
To 'Vaseline'* I will go flying."

Molecules in 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly overlap, forming a seal which shuts out germs and dirt. Recommended for all minor cases of cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, sore places.

***Vaseline** TRADE MARK **PETROLEUM JELLY**

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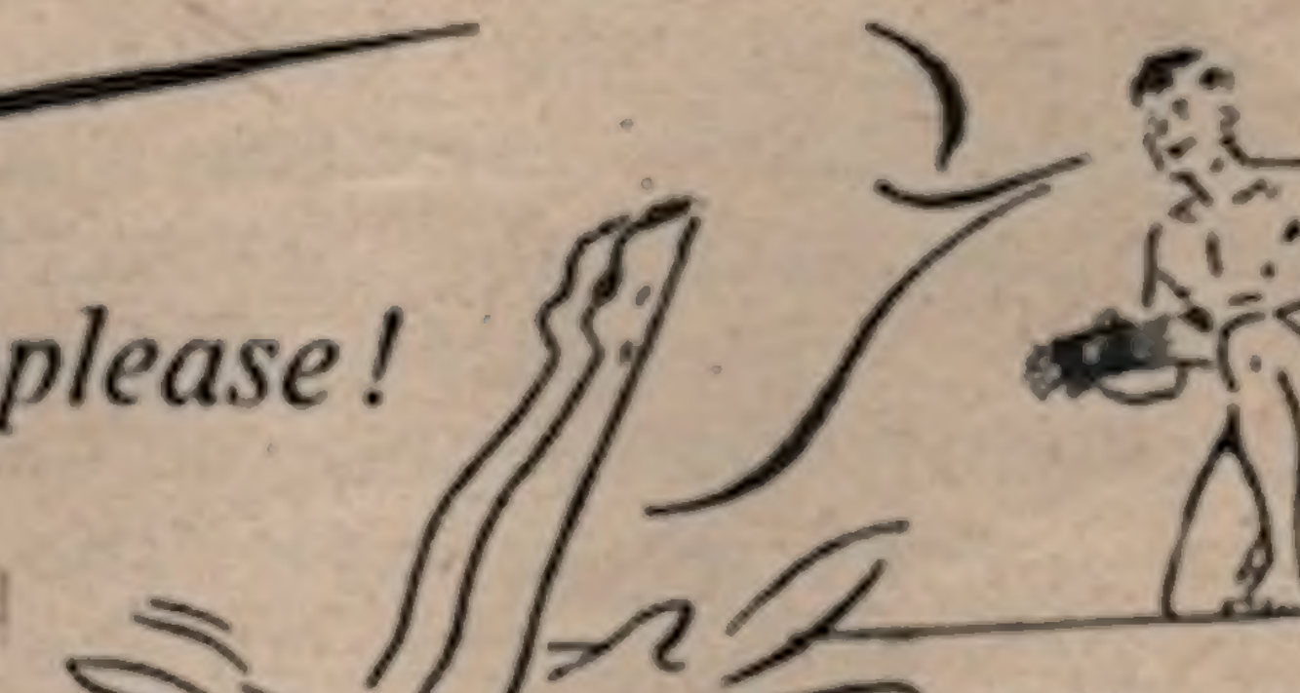
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

MAGNESIA SMILE—*please!*



White teeth gleaming against a Summer tan — that attractive *magnesia smile!* Every time you clean your teeth, mouth acidity is neutralized by *'Milk of Magnesia' — contained only in Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Phillips'
DENTAL MAGNESIA
Toothpaste REGD
1/4 per tube *Extra large 2/3*

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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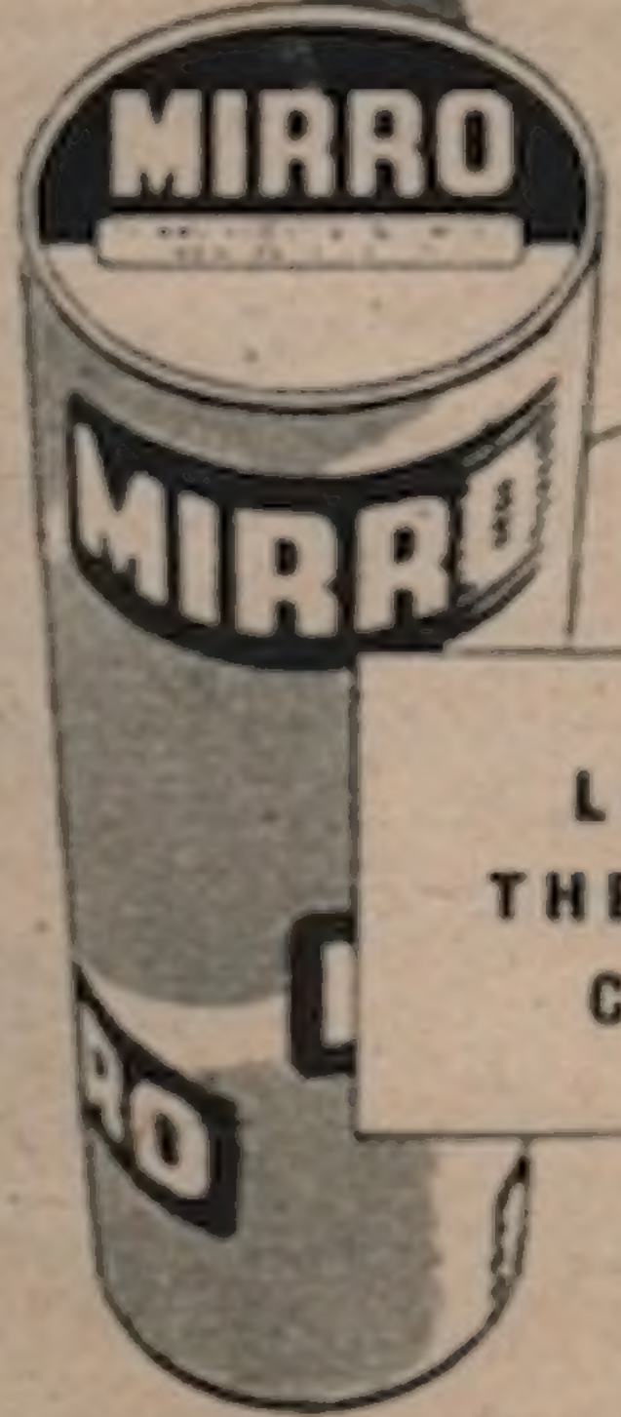
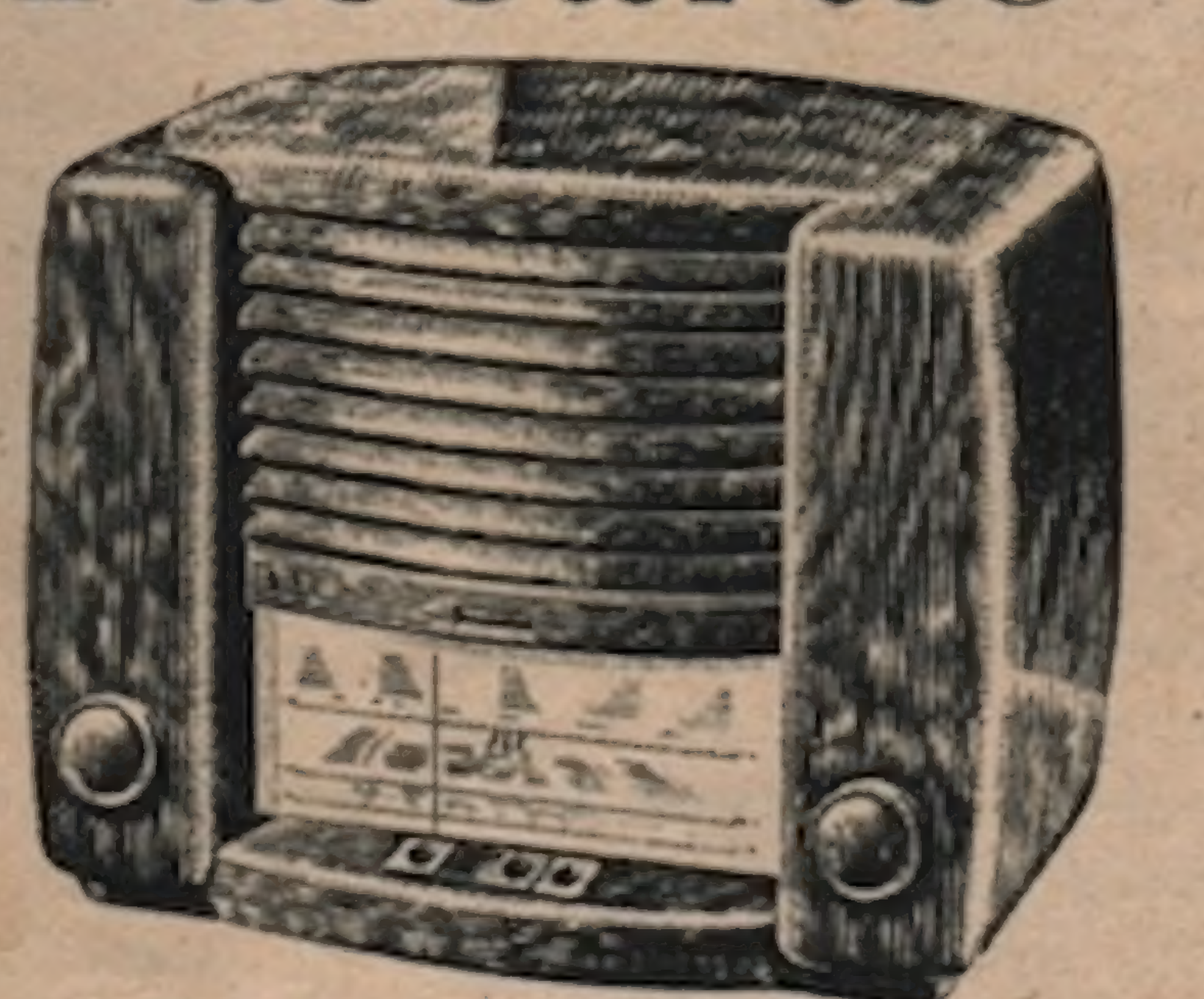


Colossally efficient . . . removes every trace of grease from your sink in ten seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner, because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. Remember — Mirro can't scratch.

LOOK FOR THE NEW RED CANISTER

Kills grease in 10 seconds

Family Favourite



Here is the perfect set for family listening — the new, striking 5-valve, 3-waveband G.E.C. Table Model BC4850, with all the features the most critical family can want — outstanding sensitivity, uncannily realistic reproduction, and a superbly rich and attractive plastic cabinet. All combined with the attention to detail design and the lasting reliability which characterise every G.E.C. set. Moderately priced at £22.19.11, including Purchase Tax, the BC4850 represents today's outstanding value.

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PRIVATE LIVES

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

AN AMERICAN REPORT ON SEX UNDERLINES THE CHALLENGE TO OUR OWN STANDARDS

ALFRED C. KINSEY, the American scientist whose book, *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*, is the result of 12,000 "confidential and scientifically conducted interviews" with Americans in all stations of life. The facts the book discloses are about Americans, but, says the Rev. W. E. Purcell, since the American way of life is today such a large export item, those facts are of concern to us, too. And they are disturbing facts

ABOUT THE TIME OF MUNICH, when the rest of the world was tuning up for the second World War, an American scientist called Alfred C. Kinsey quietly set out upon what he later described as a "fact-finding survey to discover what people do sexually."

He also briefed himself to find out the reasons for differences in sexual codes and conduct between various types and classes of people.

Nine and a half years later he returned from this "expedition" with a staggering load of information. Published, it has become the most discussed book in the United States. Two hundred thousand people in two months bought *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*, as it is called. Not since *Gone With the Wind* have American booksellers seen anything like it. To stay abreast of the demand Kinsey's publishers, a medical textbook firm in Philadelphia, have kept two presses going round the clock.

Brick Through Plate Glass

"For some time now," Kinsey writes, "there has been an increasing awareness among many people of the desirability of obtaining data about sex which would represent an accumulation of scientific fact completely divorced from questions of moral value and social custom." In other words, the professor records what people do, without commenting in any way on what they *should* do.

But so coldly clinical an attitude is in sharp contrast to the upheaval which the book has caused. It has acted as a scientific brick thrown through the plate glass of much of the Americans' make-believe about themselves.

Inevitably, sexual behaviour, like the atom bomb, raises sharp moral issues. True, it is not the scientist's business to deal with those issues, any more than a car manufacturer's accountant is concerned with observances of the Highway Code. But it *is* other people's.

And one of the reasons why Kinsey's study has caused such a sensation is that it reveals a wide gap, in the American life studied, between accepted code and actual behaviour.

A Warning to Britain

Meanwhile in Britain not more than a few hundred people have seen a copy of this book—yet. But there can be no doubt that its findings are of deep concern to us, if only because we tend more and more to be affected by American standards in these matters.

The American attitude to sex has been for years now a major transatlantic export. We have been willing customers for almost any line of goods in which it has come wrapped up, from films to magazines. If this Kinsey report doesn't sound a clear warning of the dangers of offering so easy and uncritical a seller's market, then it is difficult to see what will.

Much to the point was the comment of Dr. David Mace, of the Marriage Guidance Council, when he described the report as the product of "a sexually very sick society."

But facts first. What exactly has Professor Kinsey, with his two associates, Wardell B. Pomerory and Clyde E. Martin, of the University of Indiana, found out? The investigation drew its data first-hand from "some 12,000 confidential and scientifically conducted interviews with individuals in all stations of life." Some questionings lasted for three hours. "Special interviewing techniques" were used to overcome reticence.

The results are expressed in statistical form, and the book is loaded—some would say overloaded— with graphs and tables. From a baffling jungle of data certain figures stand out. In percentages, of the men interviewed, eighty-five per cent had full sex relationship with women before marriage; thirty per cent while married had relationships with women other than their wives; seventy per cent had had some traffic with prostitutes; thirty-seven per cent reported some homosexual experience.

The investigation's findings, indeed, though impartially reported, do serious harm to the popular idea of the extent to which the average American man is bound by the traditional ideal of chastity before marriage and faithfulness after it. A large proportion of the professor's subjects, adolescent at thirteen and a half—earlier than with us—had transgressed this code before they were twenty.

Maximum sexuality was found to exist around that age—and before most could afford to marry.

Cuts Across "Class" Division

Perhaps even more startling is the legal aspect of some of the conclusions in this survey. If the results arrived at are accurate and the testimonies behind them true, one out of every three men interviewed had broken the law.

Nor is any one class—Kinsey makes his class division on the basis of education; the more the education the higher his rating of "class"—any worse or better in this respect than another. All, at least to the British reader, seem depressingly bad.

The only discernible difference is one of approach. The college-bred American oversteps as many civilized rules as the rest but does so, for the most part, in ways often more complicated and perverse.

Though the professor has called his report a study of "sexual behaviour in the human male," commentators have not been slow to point out that this really means the American male, since the subjects of it were of Kinsey's own nationality.

Others, inevitably, have called in question the reliability as well as the scope of the evidence upon which its sensational and unpleasant conclusions are based. The level-headed Dorothy Thompson, staunch friend of Britain in the war years, is among the best of them.

Professor Kinsey, clearly, has her worried. And she goes on to ask, in the influential *Ladies' Home Journal*, one question of intense interest to us. "On a recent visit to several cities of Canada, when I asked myself what it was I noticed as being very different from the States, I suddenly realized it was the young girls, with their smoothly brushed hair, their soap and water faces, and their air of childlike modesty."

Exactly. The girls were different in Canada because of this one very important fact; that there, as in other places still affected by British as opposed to wholly American cultural influences, the sexual standard is different, too. That this is so was quietly noted by many people when war brought the G.I.s to this country.

For the most part we got on well with them and they were certainly welcome and honoured guests. But good friends can afford to be hard-hitting mutual critics. Dorothy Thompson herself says: "Englishmen, when asked to account for their annoyance with the behaviour of American troops, were wont to echo, 'because they are overpaid, overfed, and oversexed.'"

It may be true. If it *is* true, there may be several understandable reasons for it. The sexual moral standard varies among the different peoples of the world and is comparatively high among the Anglo-Saxons. But the U.S. has a racially very mixed population.

The morals of Cairo differ a lot from those of Colchester and it is certainly better for a girl to go home at night alone in Manchester than in Milan. She would, of course, also be perfectly all right in Memphis, Tennessee, or even in Chicago, Illinois.

But Cairo and Milan are *known* to have much lower standards. And the reason why such data as Professor Kinsey has dug out hits the headlines in the U.S. is that the Americans for long have in these matters claimed the same standards as ourselves. And the reason why any big falling away from it adds up to a serious problem is that America, Big Boy of the Western World, increasingly sets the pace and fixes the standard for millions in it.

American Ideas Reach Out

Other peoples may have a steamy attitude towards sex. But none has anything like the American equipment for spreading it.

Uncle Sam's cultural atom bomb, of course, is the film. Like radio-activity it can be used for good or ill. But there are other methods, too, by which American ideas reach us, and some of these are wholly bad.

At a recent assize in a very ordinary sort of English town I personally saw a youth get seven years for the rape of a little girl. Detectives on the bench in front passed the time by handing round among themselves some of the stuff they had taken from the lad's bedroom.

And when the brief drama of verdict and sentence was over they went out, but left some of the exhibits behind, including a large pile of cheap American magazines. The cover of every one had a scene which, though the details differed, always included the same main features: sex and violence, gunman and girl cowering away from him. And on each cover was the price of this poison—fifteen cents.

The now notorious *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* may have had British origin. But it is not difficult to see the American breeding-ground of its diseased and erotic theme.

How long must it be before we begin to be less easy-going about this stream of poisonous erotic stimulus—variegated with lushness and sentiment—which is being steadily pumped into our consciousness? Plenty of people don't read that sort of magazine. Perhaps not quite everyone sees a film now and then. But the man or woman in Britain who has not in one way or another come up against, and probably unconsciously absorbed, some samples of Uncle Sam's export of Sex with a capital "S," must by this time be as rare as the missing link.

"Precocious, Infantile"

Professor Kinsey has done a service in showing some of its effects in the producing country. What can we find about its effects here?

A first need is to do as the public analyst does with stuff sent to him suspected of poison content—put it under the microscope. Seen thus, the American attitude to sex certainly shows some very curious features. In the first place it is not fully grown up.

Dorothy Thompson's impression of the Kinsey report was that it revealed the American male in his sexual life as "precocious and infantile." But we didn't need Professor Kinsey to tell us that. Others have noted the same thing.

Naughtiness and nastiness are both forms of sex and sadism which come out of American life. And that same terrifying welter of sexuality has this odd adolescent characteristic, too—that it finds its excitements not so much in openly attacking accepted standards as in playing peek-a-boo with them.

A great deal of the attraction—and the dollar-making power—of the American build-up of such lines as "daringness" and "glamour" would wither away but for the fun to be had out of rattling the knocker on the door of conventional morality and then running away before that formidable and very useful old gentleman can get out on the street.

There are other strange things, besides these, which the moral microscope will show up about a sexual code we have been for too long absorbing too easily. One is the sadistic violence often associated with passion in American handlings of the theme.

And another feature is certainly the thick sentiment, often too thick for our austerity stomachs, which, like cream on one of those fabulous cakes in a Fifth Avenue pattisserie, our friends over there like to spread upon such subjects as honeymoons and childbirth.

All these extremes are symptoms of a dangerous immaturity.

Admittedly our own record is far from perfect. People in glass houses should not throw stones at Professor Kinsey. For that matter, such an investigation as his, held over here, might well produce some startling results.

Yet two things, surely, we can claim. The first is that we are in these things more moderate, less extravagant than the Americans, as though the heat of our passions no more compares with theirs than an English summer day does with a sidewalk-frying heatwave in New York City.

Chastity and Fidelity

The second is that our average men and women—the people the headlines never notice, but whose quiet lives form the backbone of our national life—have for long respected a sexual standard having deeper roots than Hollywood's.

Much deeper. The ideals of one man, one woman, of chastity for both sexes before marriage and of unfading faithfulness within it are splendid things. They have sprung from the teachings of the Christian religion, and though no one pretends that they are easy ideals to live up to, yet it has been proved over and over again that peoples who ignore them overmuch have a way of finding before long that their character and their greatness are both on the way out.

No people can ever afford to forget that personal and collective discipline, backed by ideals and beliefs, is as necessary to the relationships of man and woman, as traffic rules are to users of the roads.

That is why anything which weakens our sexual standards is a number one public danger, the perils of which will prove worse for our children than for ourselves. The warning for us in the Kinsey report is that the more we accept American standards instead of standing fast by, and being proud of, what once were our own, the more we absorb germs from what is already the infected body of "a sexually sick society."

We once had many things which we can now no longer afford. Maybe entertainment at the expense of our moral standards is one of them. Maybe complete freedom for all, in the name of "broadmindedness," to sell sexual stimulus for profit in film and fiction is another.

The Standards to Preserve

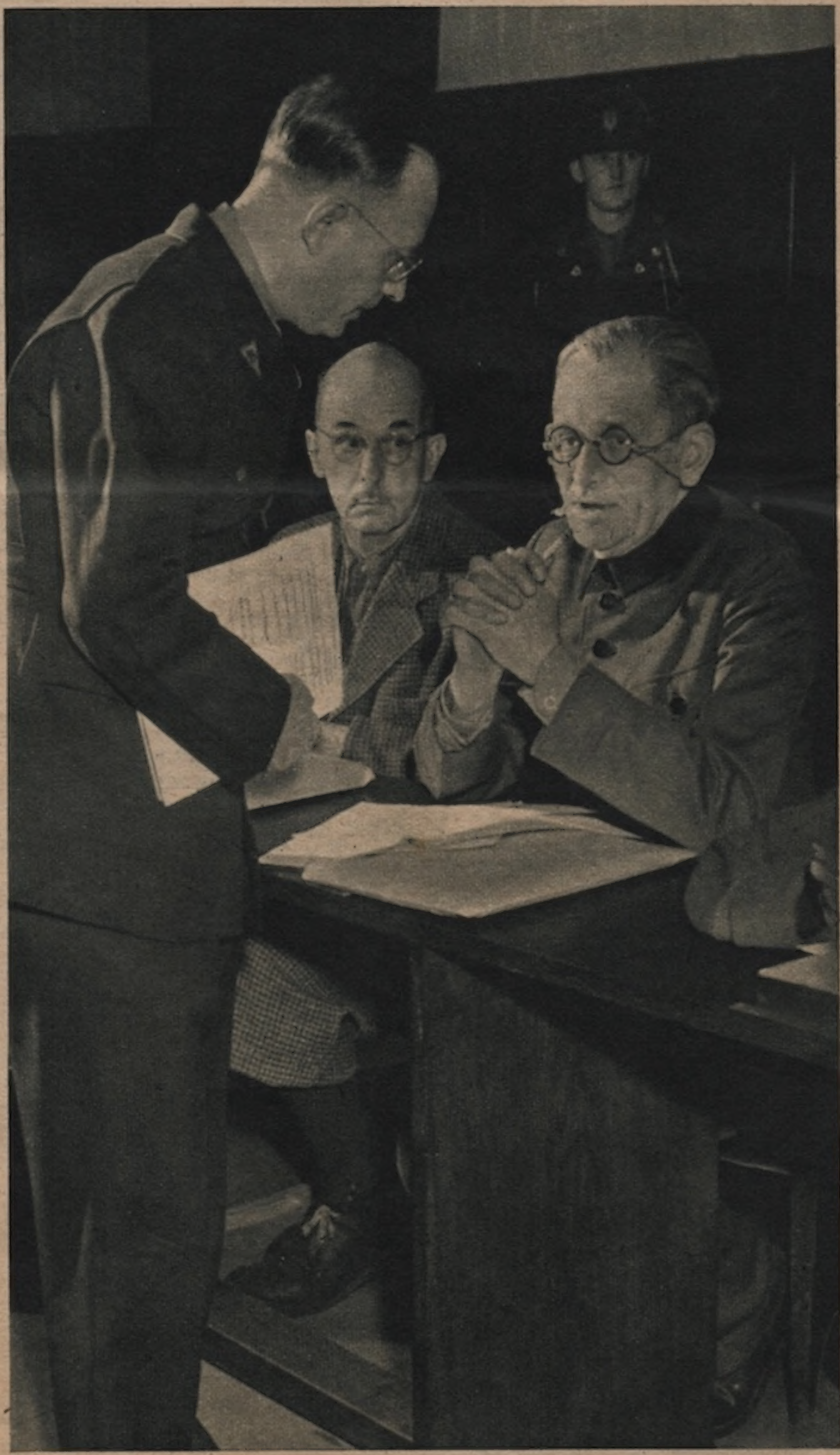
The Kinsey report makes Dorothy Thompson, among others, wonder whether Americans are more licentious than they used to be. Well, we wouldn't know. But we can, and should for our own sakes, note her words: "If the erotic life of a people is libertine, self-indulgent, vulgar, perverse, indecorous and unrestrained, the whole social order displays the same characteristics."

To which for our part we might add that if we want ours to go on being steady, disciplined, orderly, modest and happy we might try rediscovering respect for those Christian standards in sexual life which have served us well and will go on doing so—if we let them.

Although, for the time being, they are divided and down, pawns in a grim game of chess between East and West—

The Germans Are Still Dangerous

by C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS



Field Marshals Wilhelm List (seated left) and Maximilian von Weichs face war crimes trial. Nazi record doesn't bother conscience of ordinary Germans

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a longish stay in Western Germany, where I have renewed contact with German friends of many years' standing and made innumerable new acquaintances both in the towns and in the countryside.

In the present state of world confusion caused by two German wars in a generation, with talk of a third arising out of the Berlin tension, some familiar questions press upon us anew.

Has disaster changed the Germans? Have they learned their lesson? Or, assuming that the democracies are able to extricate them from their present difficulties, will they stand forth again as the "same old Huns," eager and able once more to plunge the world into disaster?

Let me tell you what I have heard, and you may then judge for yourselves what the answers are.

The first thing that we all have wanted to know ever since the capitulation in 1945 is whether the Germans realize their "war guilt."

This is precisely what we found lacking after the first World War; and it is for this reason that the Allies decided that this time we *must* bring home to them their indisputable responsibility for the world's sufferings since 1939.

We decided, therefore, to hold war crimes trials, at which the men and women responsible for planning the war and for the unprecedented atrocities committed in the course of it should be brought to justice.

Starting with the big Nuremberg trial, at which Goering, Ribbentrop and the rest were judged, we and the Americans have stolidly continued trying Nazis up to the present day. There never was such an exposure of human wickedness, of ruthless, sadistic brutality. What does the German man in the street think about the trials?

He doesn't think about them at all.

The public galleries at war crimes trials have nearly always been empty. Even at Nuremberg, where everybody expected public protests and demonstrations, the Germans just stayed away. Nor was this from any sense of shame or from a desire to ponder the truth in privacy. The German Press has never given much space to the trials, and today you will be lucky if you find any report of them tucked away on a back page.

Nazis Who Weren't Really!

No, the Germans just don't feel the slightest interest in the trials. Why?

The answer is simple, and here is a typical man in the street speaking: "What do I care what happens to these Nazis? They've got us into our present mess; that's all I know about them. Let them stew in their own juice."

"Weren't you a member of the Nazi Party?" I asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, but that was only to keep my job. No businessman, big or small, could hope to escape victimization if he didn't join the Party and subscribe to its funds. Nor any civil servant or trade union official or doctor or lawyer—nobody. But most of us weren't *really* Nazis!"

So you may take it that the ordinary German has no sense of war guilt. His main feeling about the Nazis is annoyance that they did not fulfil their promises to make Germany the boss-nation of the world. Next time somebody comes along and promises the Germans world leadership it looks to me as if they will be predisposed to back him as they backed the Kaiser and backed Hitler.

There are, of course, exceptions. The section of the population which the Nazis most feared was the old professional and officer class. The two attempts made on Hitler's life during the war were made by people from this class.

I met one of the would-be assassins in Hamburg, where he was a defending counsel in a war crimes trial. He owes his survival to having taken very few friends into his confidence; the officers who arranged the bomb at Hitler's headquarters later in the war were all massacred, with their friends.

Germans in blockaded Western Berlin hear latest crisis news. They listen intently, but what are they thinking?

But what about less active resisters to the Nazis?

I met one, a country doctor whom I have known for thirty years. He consistently refused to join the Party, even in name, and lost most of his practice in consequence, though—possibly because of his local popularity—the Nazis never put him into a concentration camp.

I asked him about those camps and he told me that he had never known of their horrors until after the capitulation. He assured me that the Nazis went to great trouble to prevent any facts about the camps getting out. They were always tucked away far from main roads, and nobody was allowed to approach. Released prisoners were warned that if they talked of what they had seen they would be sent back to their deaths.

"You can't imagine what our life was like under the Nazis," said my friend. "Nobody dared talk openly about anything. The man next to you in the train, in the bus, in the beerhouse might be a Nazi spy. The Gestapo even tried to use our own children as spies on us."

Which means that such men, who were not Nazis even in name, also feel no sense of guilt for what has happened through Hitler; for they, too, suffered.

They're Out of the Swim

Some of them, like my friend, are the sort of people with whom we Westerners could co-operate, but, unfortunately, one does not find them in key positions in the new German political life. They are no longer young; they have had hard lives, and, frankly, they are tired. Also, there are not very many of them.

The most revealing conversation I had in Germany was with a man whom I met on a desolate country farm.

By chance I learned that he had been the "social secretary" of one of the twenty most important Nazis, and as such had been interned by us in a camp where we keep high-up members of the Party. He had just been released after three years and classed as "harmless." He put me on the track of one of the greatest difficulties we are likely to have in dealing with the Germans now.

"Most of the people," he said, "who are allowed to occupy responsible positions in politics or industry now in the Western Zones are those who can show that they were never Nazis. Or, rather, those who can persuade a German 'Denazification Court' to say that they were never Nazis!

"The result is that, since practically everybody of any prominence *was* a Nazi, the present choice is largely among nonentities or crooks—one reason why the country is rotten with graft today."

Hoping for a Fifth Reich

This German went on: "I haven't the money to buy my way through a Denazification Court, so, as you see, I'm a farm labourer . . . and I don't really enjoy it."

"What do you propose to do?" I asked.

"Just to wait. Something is bound to happen eventually. Perhaps it will be the Fifth Reich, though I hope not."

I asked him what the Fifth Reich was.

"That's what some of my companions in the internment camp are plotting for," he said. "It's to follow the present régime. They are waiting for the Russians to collar the Western Zones, and then, they think, all the German generals in the Soviet Army, all the German submarine commanders in the Soviet Navy and all the German industrialists in the Eastern Zone will stage a little coup and seize power."

"From the Bolsheviks?" I said.

"Well, *as* Bolsheviks. They won't mind what label they work under provided they achieve their object, which is the very thing Germany has fought two losing wars to achieve, namely, to unite German technical skill and Russian raw materials and manpower under German leadership. Just imagine what a threat such a combination would be to the rest of the world—*Germany and Russia united at last, but with the Germans on top.*"

I discussed this with a German Communist workman from the Hamburg shipyards. He seemed to think that it was not such a bad idea, provided, of course, that the Soviet system of government and industry was maintained. Much as he admired (or professed to admire) the Russian Communists, he insisted that they were historically unprepared to play the leading part in world Communism.

He mentioned that he wanted to give evidence at one of the war crimes trials about the treatment of foreign slave labourers by the Nazis at his shipyard. He and his friends, he said, had been horrified by it.

"Did you do anything about it?" I inquired.

"What could we do? We could only have told the boss—and he was a Nazi."

"Couldn't you have struck, as a protest?"

"What!" exclaimed the Communist. "Strike when my country was at war?"

Well, there you are. What can you hope to do with a nation like the Germans?

From top to bottom they all—or nearly all—still believe that they are a chosen people, who deserve and are fated sooner or later to control the rest of Europe, and, after Europe, the world.

Still "Deutschland über Alles"

They have nothing but contempt for the Kaiser because he failed to lead them to victory; nothing but resentment for the Nazis because these, too, have brought crushing defeat on Germany.

"Deutschland über Alles" is still their creed, even though they do not admit it to themselves. Whatever turn events may take, however close Western co-operation may need to be, we must not lose sight of that truth.

So far as they are co-operating with us, or on the other side of the Iron Curtain with the Russians, it is not in order to build a better world, but in order to create a stronger Germany. One cannot altogether blame them for this: hungry, disillusioned men are unlikely to be idealists.

Individually, the German is a good-natured, industrious, likeable creature. Collectively—and I care not where you take your cross-section—the Germans remain today what they have been for eighty years: over-disciplined, ruthlessly nationalist, ready to place themselves at the orders of any leader who promises them not just a place in the sun, but the sun itself.

TWO MEN ON A BARGE

by RICHARD COLLIER

A sailing barge may seem quaint in these days of jet propulsion. But it still has its uses as a cargo carrier. And the crew "gets it there somehow"

The Skipper (cloth cap) and old Ernie enjoy a "cupper" on a trip to Rochester

ONE EVENING LAST WEEK, when the tide was at the ebb, a sprit-rigged sailing barge called the *Alan* slipped away from the wharves at Rotherhithe, bound for Rochester with 130 tons of barley.

An ancient method of transport; but today still of vital importance while it can take some of the freight load from the overburdened railways and substitute wind power for costly and sparse coal.

Steering the *Alan* down river was Tommy Thompson, tall, muscular, forty years old, in an old checked cap and a fisherman's jersey. He has worked on barges all his life.

It is a life that has never lacked variety or flavour. Few barge skippers, once they have discharged a cargo, know what their next freight will be or where they will be taking it. Coal to Boston, wheat to Beccles, potash to Yarmouth. . . .

Coast trips bring better prices than river freights and Tommy wants to get back to coasting as soon as possible. Competition up the coast is less keen.

Many barge skippers distrust the sea's currents and are unwilling to risk a two-day journey without sight of land. "But I just get out me old chart," says Tommy, "and wherever they tell me to push off to, I get there somehow."

Barge skippers, even if they pass an examination, are tested only on their knowledge of river navigation. Even that is not compulsory; anyone may buy a barge and ply for hire within certain limits.

Any bargee may load his cargo within the Port of London and discharge it past Brentford without holding a certificate. Only for the privilege of loading and unloading within the Port of London must he hold a Waterman's and Lighterman's Licence.

To get the licence he starts early in life, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and is bound as apprentice for a maximum of seven years to a skipper already holding a licence. Two years later he is examined by the twenty-six members of the Waterman's Company, and granted an apprentice's licence if he passes. At the end of his apprenticeship he applies for "freedom," takes another examination, and is given the full licence.

Never One for Books

Tommy Thompson, though he began at sixteen as mate of a barge up the Regent's Canal, has never taken the exams. Shyly, almost deprecatingly, he thumbs through the pages of *Reed's Almanack* and says: "There's some wonderful stuff here if you've got the head for it, but I was never one for book learning."

His distaste for book learning brought him to the job in the first place. None of his family had any connection with the river. His father was a Faversham stonemason. But Tommy got to playing truant along the banks of the Medway and: "Didn't seem after that as if there was anything else I ever wanted to be."

Sailormen's pubs used to be his favourite haunts, for sailormen's pubs are sailormen's clubs: pubs like the "Ship and Lobster" at Gravesend, or the Long Reach Tavern below Dartford, where messages are taken and gossip exchanged.

But the hard-drinking waterfront days are over now. Tommy Thompson, the lad who was always ready for a bit of fun, has become Tommy Thompson, the family man, with a two-month-old baby, Rose, and his name on the books for a council house at Crayford. "I often wish I hadn't given all my money to the pub keepers. I'd be worth a bit now. But I suppose if I had my time again I'd work it just the same."

Meanwhile, he and his family live with his mother-in-law, and Tommy usually manages to get home to see them for three nights out of seven.

Dunkirk Took Toll

There were 3,500 barges on London River before the war, but it is doubtful if there are more than five hundred today. Many were lost at Dunkirk; many more, used as balloon floats, rotted at their moorings.

Those that are left, though they still do a good job in these times of shortages, suffer from having to depend on wind and tide in a mechanically propelled age. To convert a sailing barge into a motor barge is a costly business. To repair it may cost up to £4,000; to install a Kelvin-Diesel three-cylinder engine adds a further £1,000.

The profits on a trip vary with the type of cargo carried and the distance travelled. Rough goods or "dirty" cargoes, such as coal or cement, stow "dead-weight" but fetch lower prices than clean, fine-goods cargoes such as tea or barley, which require more careful handling. The ratio is roughly 4s. 6d. a ton for coal against 6s. a ton for grain.

The cost is increased by distance, but the price is assessed not on mileage but on the number of barge tolls paid outside the Port of London. So long trips with clean cargoes have become Tommy's ideal: "Cement's real messy stuff; gets all over you."

Out of the total profit, the firm which owns Tommy's barge takes half, and the remainder is divided between Tommy and old Ernie, his mate: two-thirds for Tommy, one-third for Ernie. "But then Ernie don't pay no rent. He lives here on board."

Maintenance of the barge itself, such as buying new sails at £300 a suit, is the company's responsibility; but Tommy has to pay all docking fees out of his own pocket, as well as for his share of the seamen's rations they draw weekly.

Docking fees vary from port to port and are charged on the net registered tonnage of the barge. At Faversham they are 4d. a ton; in London, 1½d. The *Alan* is registered at sixty tons.

When the barge is at her moorings, Ernie looks after the shopping. Ernie is in the sixties, a spry, sparrowlike little man with weak, kindly eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles. He has been mate of the *Alan* since Tommy became its skipper two years ago. He, too, has spent all his life on the waterways.

In Amiens, in 1915, a crack on the head from a German rifle butt sent him deaf but did not handicap him for most of a mate's duties: trimming the lamps, testing the pumps, cooking the meals.

"Better at it than most," said Tommy as the old man hoisted the mast light and night came down over the wide waters. Tommy complains that good mates are hard to find these days, since most of them plump for the motor barges instead.

The reason is simple. Without a following wind, a sailing barge may be laid up with its freight for three days, unable to move farther. That is a big factor in a job paid entirely by piecework.

Barges handle one freight a week at most; often only one a fortnight. Tommy is lucky if he does more than thirty-five trips a year. The time spent on the trips must vary with the wind, but a good average river trip to Rochester should take eight hours, a longer coastal trip to King's Lynn probably takes five days.

Down in the fo'c'sle, with Ernie at the wheel, we relaxed after haddock and strong coffee in the ruddy glow of the stove. Two bunks are rigged up for when there is time to relax—*when*.

There is no fixed system of watches, even on the longest trips, for old Ernie's eyes are too weak for him to steer for long at a stretch. This means that Tommy is sometimes at the wheel for forty-eight hours without sleep. Old Ernie himself sleeps little, pacing the deck or squatting on the edge of the hold.

Midnight brought us to Sheerness, a cold, breezy ghost harbour with lonely lights and no sound except the slap of the water. Tommy was at the wheel, staring intently ahead.

Ernie, by the forehold with a powerful torch, threw a shifting ray of light on the dark water.

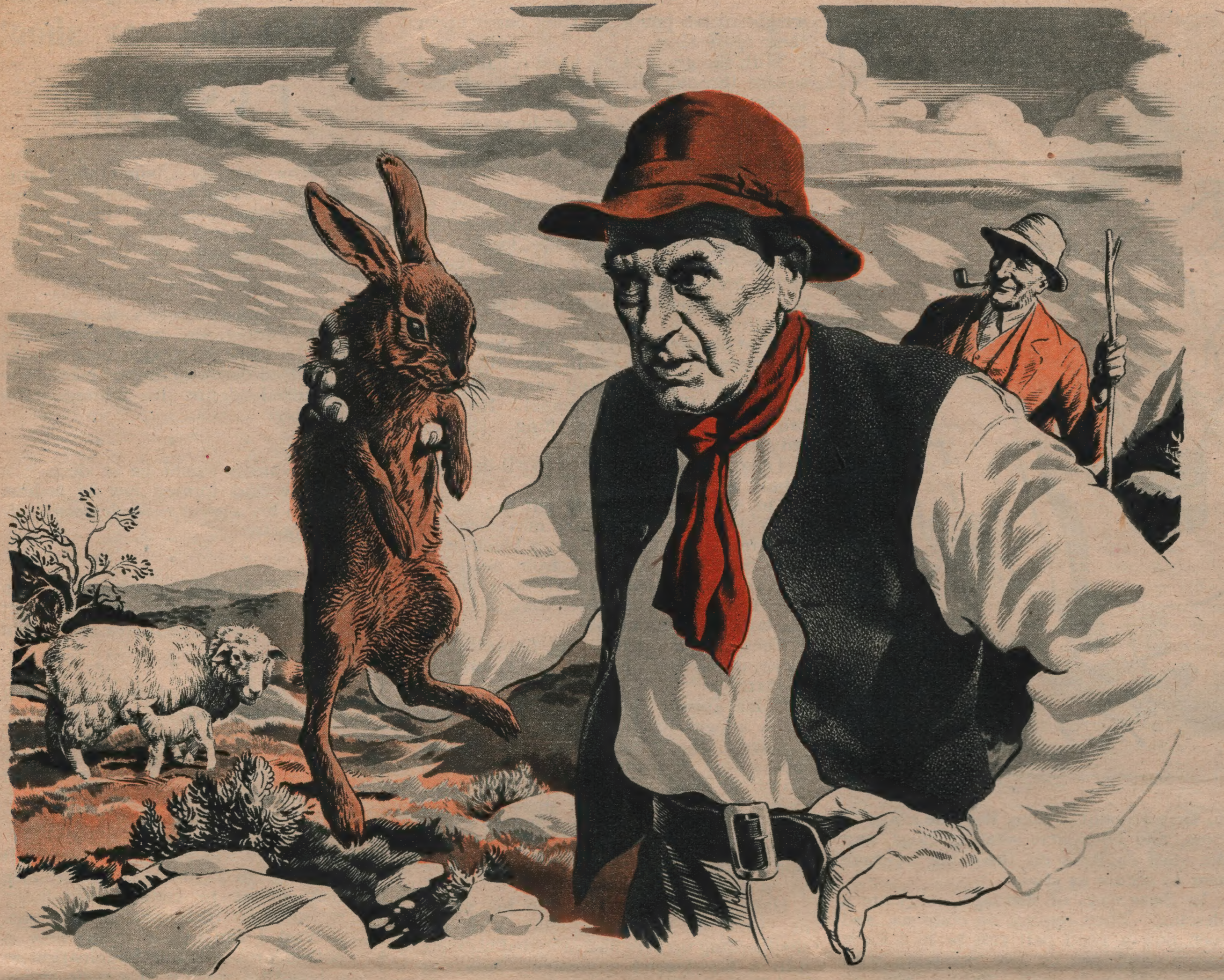
"It's these unlighted buoys, see," said Tommy. "The harbour authorities move 'em about, so you never know where they're going to be. Ten-tonners they are—stove us right in if we cop one."

Ernie is Appreciative

Danger passed with the Medway and the training ships at anchor; one o'clock in the morning and we were coming home. We made Rochester twenty minutes ahead of time and, before they bedded down for an hour or two, Tommy made old Ernie a cup of tea. "Not many skippers'd do as much for their mates," said Ernie, making sure that he was not overheard.

Four hours later, the sun was up in sight above the Weald, the mist was rising from the steely waters below the Castle Keep, the birds were singing. Tommy and Ernie were on deck again, stripping the tarpaulins from the hold, getting ready for the unloading, the departure, the journey back to fetch another much-needed load.

They would soon be taking a few more hundreds of tons of burden off the railways before the return of prosperity and fuel and £1,000 diesel engines finally turn the *Alan* and her wind-filled sails into museum pieces.



Harry stood there holding the rabbit in his big hand. Its eyes were glazed with terror

One good turn

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

You wouldn't think that a rabbit would be much good against a pirate, but strange things happen in the country

WHEN OLD TRYSON told me this story we were scaling muck. Fastidious noses may wrinkle at the mention of such a job. There is an honesty about the stuff that makes it much more welcome to the senses than the reek of oil and petrol in city streets.

The piles were easy to handle, being well mixed with rotted bracken. Cattle up here among the fells have to be kept in the byre from October to April, and by way of reparation the cold, stony heights provide unlimited bracken for bedding.

Although Tryson is over seventy, he was spreading two piles to my one.

He never looks at the fan-shaped strip of ground that has to be covered. Stooping slightly, with a slow rhythm he scoops up a forkful, swings, and twists his wrists.

These Cumberland farmers anticipated time and motion study by hundreds of years. They can deal with a pile each minute. It looks so easy, until you try. In my first attempt, shamed by my slowness, I made the mistake of imagining I could get on faster by picking up an extra amount with each scoop. The mighty weight as I swung round was too much for my balance. I followed the fork through the air and scrambled up from the ground in a state that would have kept the most Christian sympathizer well to windward.

Tryson straightened his back as a harsh caw creaked through the silence. He stared at the fellside, where the branches of a rowan spread like starched black lace. A crow was flapping along in its heavy, leisurely way.

" They craas," he said, " is damn pests. Ay." The pink skin about his mouth creased gradually into a grin. The sunlight in his upturned eyes revealed a twinkle. In his own time, I could see, he was going to bring forth a story.

It was no use prompting him. Presently the words would come out in the quiet, inevitable fashion of dawn. He would rather be killed than be hurried, because he takes his lead from nature.

There is a suitable pace every man must find out for himself. If he goes beyond it he becomes fretful and nervy and tired; and is that worth what gain it brings? You can't hurry the land, he argues, without harming it in the long run. Look at the way scientists have been forcing crops out of it with chemical fertilizers.

For a few years they have boasted about production. And then the earth has turned sickly, and lost its heart, and the very beasts that graze on it have become affected, and the milk they give has a chemical taint. Muck, now, that is the soil's natural food.

Once again Tryson straightened his back. " Ay, damn pests," he said, and chuckled as he started his story.

Last spring, in readiness for lambing time, he had gone up with Harry Bayne to gather his " yows " from Birker Moor and the flanks of Harter Fell. Lambs were due from April 10 onwards, in accordance with the carefully timed love-making during the back-end, when the rams had been kept chained in pairs to prevent them leaping stone walls and establishing harems before the proper date.

It would never do to have lambs in February or March, with the risk of snow and ice on the heights, and hungry, watchful foxes.

HE took his two dogs with him and a pair of field glasses. It was easy to miss a few ewes up there, cunning ones that would break back and lie flat among the heather.

Working along parallel ridges, he and Harry kept the dogs scurrying in wide circuits, and as the Herdwick sheep trickled in they were driven down towards the trough between the ridges. The sheep were in grand condition. D.D.T. dip had kept the maggots out of them the previous summer, and the burning of shaggy tangles of old heather had produced tender new shoots, succulent feeding during the hard months.

They gathered about 150 ewes, and with the dogs darting here and there along the flanks began to move down towards the dale, occasionally flapping a sack to keep the jostle of fleecy bodies moving.

Being Herdwicks, their wool looked coarse, shabby stuff. But if any man knows of sweeter meat than Herdwick lamb, Tryson would like to hear of it. For a while Tryson talked sorrowfully of the food situation, and spat without anger. This scraggy stuff from abroad, this dried egg, this watery milk, this dreary bacon compared with real ham cured with brown sugar. . . .

Then he went on with his story.

They reached the steep crags that crowd about the only crossing of Brant Ghyll. These crags are like a gigantic staircase that has been shattered into chaos by an earthquake. Only a fool would cross them carelessly. A slip means a dive of seven hundred feet into the dale below, and a paragraph or two in the local paper, and a few extra drinks sold at the local inn to the men who come to cart away what's left. Hurrying is never worth that.

THE dogs knew their job. Approaching the fringe of the crags they changed their tactics. Before, they had been darting in constantly to give a yelp or a pretended nip. Now they went flat and still, letting the ewes pick their own way across this tilted ugliness. They waited until the hindmost sheep was at least thirty yards ahead before creeping forward a little.

In the lull while the animals were crossing, Tryson amused himself with the field glasses, studying this and that. It was one of those days when the air had the hard polish of a diamond. The peak of Harter, 2,200 feet, seemed near enough to touch by stretching up one arm. Down in the dale it was possible to pick out the redness of the combs on his fowls scrabbling in the yard behind the farm.

Idly moving the glasses in an arc, he surveyed the small fields where the ewes would bear their lambs under his closely watchful eye. Then he had a surprise. One sloping green stretch already had occupants—a new-born lamb and its mother. Some Don Juan of a ram must have laughed at the careful calendar.

With the instinct of her kind the ewe had come down the fellside, found a hog-hole in the surrounding wall, and arrived inside Tup Close just in time for the correct sanctuary to make an honest ewe of her, so to speak.

He passed the glasses to Harry with a grin. " Yan's tekken taime be forelock."

" Ay, an' she knaad her way."

It was a very good thing she had known her way. At lambing time swift murder in two shapes stalks the fells, foxes and crows, and the crows are the greater killers.

They appear to have full understanding of the date. As the lambing days draw near, they hang about with the stilly intentness of vultures.

Evil, sable devils, with an alertness that keeps them outside gunshot range, they wait with grisly patience. Let a mother leave her lamb unguarded for a few seconds, and with a lurching swoop the crow is down. That thick bayonet of a beak takes out the tongue or an eye.

Harry returned the glasses. Old Tryson had a second glance at the first of the season's family. Something else was stirring in Tup Close. A buck rabbit, by the size of it, came lolloping fast down the bank, swerving as it ran. The glasses

OUT OF ORDER
Peter Robyn

picked out the reason behind the swerve. A weasel had slithered out of a crevice in the wall.

Tryson swore amiably, because everything was so near and yet so far, and the weasel was robbing him of a potential three shillings. Without any warning the rabbit changed its doomed lollop to a fantastic step that might have inspired a choreographer.

The staring Tryson realized what had happened. They had checked up and removed snares yesterday, leaving the fields clear for the sheep. But one must have been overlooked.

Also, the noose of it must have been set too low. The rabbit's forefeet had plunged through, and the wire tightened. The speed and weight of the rabbit had pulled the peg out of the ground.

The rabbit still moved in a three-legged scuffle, taking the wire and the peg with it.

" 'Tis a present for weasel," said Tryson.

He was wrong. Crazed by the flickering thing that bound its legs, the rabbit blundered farther down the bank, straight towards the ewe and her new-born. The pursuing weasel came rippling along.

NOW, to the uninitiated, ewes are stupid and full of fear. At the approach of the harmless walker they will scurry away. In a lordly, laughing fashion a dog will dominate a hundred of them. But the mother of a lamb in the helpless stage finds an aggressive courage. She will challenge a dog and butt at him. She will brew a righteous fury in her amber eyes.

A rabbit was only a rabbit. But at the sight of the approaching weasel the mother down there rose up, rocking. She swung about, lurched, and butted at the air. She raised her off forefoot and brought it down with an angry, determined stamp. If it had landed on top of the weasel there would have been messiness.

But the weasel was away. Clumsy butts were a joke. That stamping foot could be serious.

The rabbit sprawled close to the lamb. It was kicking its legs convulsively. Every jerk tightened the wire.

Tryson and Harry wished themselves luck. Maybe they would get the rabbit in Tup Close.

But they had no intention of hurrying on that account. They had the crags to cross, and both were wearing clogs, and the steel caulkers on them are nowhere near as secure as studs.

In these days of shortage, clogs are a blessing. They require no coupons, and even now a good pair can be had for a guinea, and one or two massages with warm castor-oil will make them as waterproof as gumboots. But on rock, they can never rival stout climbing boots.

Unless a man has a level head for heights and a knack of quashing his imagination in the instant, it is unwise for him to turn his back to the safe, squelching carpets of moss, the solid boulders and the tough heather, and stand on some airy edge with vastness sheer below him and more vastness rearing up towards the distant sky—in clogs.

Places like that are apt to remind a man that he is very close to nothing, and that even the discovery of atomic energy was merely the finding of something that has been with us since the birth of existence. He gets these weakening thoughts, and then—if he is wearing clogs—he might tumble over.

Tryson and Harry got across the ghyll. On the far side of the crags the two waiting dogs had allowed the sheep to start browsing. There was a patch of young, pink-stemmed cotton grass that meant something to them. The two men shouted, and the straggling procession moved on again, towards the highest of the intake walls. A track on the outside of this descends roughly and raggedly into the dale.

It is a wall to make modern builders gape. It was put up by Tryson's grandfather and his four sons.

The grandfather had a hunger for land, and in those days the fell-breasts were mostly unenclosed. So he went to the parish meeting with a crude map, and a bottle of rum to please their throats. Without the rum they would never have granted his claim.

The stones, of course, were on the spot. The wall runs down four hundred yards at an angle of forty degrees. It is five feet high, five feet thick at the base, and four at the top.

The stones are every conceivable shape, and anything from two hundredweight to ten pounds. They put it up in their spare time.

With the grace of the Lord it had stood square through all weathers, though the upthrust of frost has sprawled away a few replaceable gaps during the years.

Every inch of this dale means something that matters to Tryson, and that is the living spirit of home. . . .

Plodding down the track, he paused to adjust the field glasses and look over the top of the wall, down at Tup Close.

Sure enough the rabbit was still there. It lay kicking near the lamb. He could see the peg jumping about on the end of the wire.

What checked its urge to find the shelter of a burrow? Perhaps in some dim way it feared that the peg and wire might get jammed in the narrow tunnel. No man can be certain of such a thing. He can only guess.

Tryson said to Harry: " We'll hev yon rabbit, laikely."

The words had scarcely left his mouth when there was small, dark movement on the bank above the rabbit. A black devil of a crow had appeared from nowhere. The two men knew perfectly well why it was there. Its bright eyes were watching the lamb, not the rabbit.

They shouted at the dogs, flapped their sacks, quickened their pace. Tryson said to Harry:

" Gaa ahead. Mebbe tha'll scare yon black booggie in taime."

Harry, who is only sixty-three, broke into a sort of scamper. From there to Tup Close it was four hundred feet as the stone drops, and about three hundred yards as the clogs clatter. But it would need only two or three seconds of inattention on the part of the ewe for the crow to do its work.

Harry did his utmost. In his youth he was a fell-racer, and although shepherding up here had moulded his style into a bow-legged movement, toes out and knees bent, which is the proper gait for tackling the everlasting upwardness of things, he descended the track at a fair pace.

The odd, short drops he jumped with feet together, knowing that if a man tried to take them in his stride he might do himself internal harm.

BUT he was scarcely halfway down when the crow strutted, rose, and flopped down, from the bank in a bulky dive. The ewe had left her lamb and was making for a clump of juicy herbage not ten feet off. An animal that spends its life browsing could scarcely be expected to show one hundred per cent maternal care. Ewes seldom do.

Though they knew it was useless, both Harry and Tryson let out high-pitched yells.

In its dive the crow was passing close to the rabbit. It never reached the lamb. Instead, it veered up suddenly. By blind chance the peg swinging from the kicking rabbit had slapped across its beak. There was no force in the blow, but the surprise of it had frightened the crow and sent it blundering back to the bank, cawing hoarsely.

Harry got down there in time. He released the snare from the rabbit's kicking legs. He stood there holding the rabbit in his big hand, waiting for Tryson to join him. The rabbit's living eyes were glazed with terror.

A few minutes later, Tryson arrived. He grinned, and shook his head at Harry's unspoken query.

" Nay," he said. " Yan good turn deserves anither."

Harry put down the rabbit. It scuttled off, over the bank, and vanished through a bolt-hole in the wall. They penned the sheep in Tup Close, called the dogs, shut the gate, and went off to their dinners.

Potato-pot they had that day. Old Tryson ate too much of it, he told me, and it gave him wind.

What they say about

FASHION

Why, is it not a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez mois?—Shakespeare.*

* * *

All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress, and the unadmitted desire to undress.—*Lin Yutang.*

* * *

A woman would be in despair if Nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.—*Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.*

* * *

A well-dressed woman is a woman who makes you look twice without saying, " Oh." — *James Cleveland Belle.*

* * *

As good be out of the world as out of fashion.—*Colley Cibber.*

* * *

I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes.—*Thoreau.*

* * *

If ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular) I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. —*Sir Richard Steele.*

* * *

Whatever the ladies of Lowestoft may have determined in the matter of abandoning night-caps, eighty per cent of our countrywomen find it necessary to preserve their tresses from being broken or worn off on the pillow.—*Answers to correspondents in the " Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine "* for 1861.

* * *

Fashion is of the female sex and therefore has its whims.—*Weber.*

* * *

A handsome woman is soon dressed.—*Scottish proverb.*

* * *

People who live in glass blouses shouldn't show bones.—*Lyn Arnold.*

* * *

Clothes fill as big a part in the civilization of the world as food. It was never mere so-called decency that drove man to clothe himself any more than it was a mere desire to appease hunger that evolved *paté de fois gras.—Denis Bradley.*

* * *

Verdict: . . . It's vulgar, but it suits you.—*Margaret Kennedy.*

* * *

The same costume will be: Indecent ten years before its time, shameless five years before its time, *outré* one year before its time, dowdy one year after its time, hideous ten years after its time; then ridiculous, amusing, quaint, charming, and romantic, until, after 150 years, it becomes beautiful.—*James Laver.*

At Northaw camp, says the warden, children learn there's more to the world than just pavements and houses

EDUCATION GOES CAMPING

by John May

Here's a new line in education—schooling under canvas, not as an "extra" but as part of the regular curriculum

MANY CHILDREN are now starting their holidays and probably running around like puppies with two tails. No more set lessons for them; no more hours spent cooped up in classrooms. It's a holiday, isn't it?

But not all children react this way. Not all schools are like that. Today, many authorities realize that something extra is needed in schooling. Baden-Powell realized it years ago.

When enthusiasts told him he had wrought a revolution in education by starting his Boy Scout movement, he said it was merely a "jolly outdoor recreation." He did admit, however, that it filled up "certain chinks unavoidable in the ordinary school curriculum."

Today, the camp idea is becoming a *part* of schooling, instead of a leisure-time patch for an incomplete curriculum.

There's a hotch-potch of different interpretations of what school camping should be. At one extreme are the hutted "boarding schools" originally designed for juvenile holiday camps; children stay for long periods without really camping at all. At the other extreme, weekend bell tents hark back to the tough training of my Wolf Cub days.

The place where they've got hold of the right idea is at the Hertfordshire School Camp at Northaw, round the hilly back roads from Cuffley and Potters Bar.

Here the children sleep in tents, and live and work in the open air. They come for a week at a time from schools all over Hertfordshire with their own teachers, who camp with them. It costs the children £1 a week each.

They carry on with regular lessons, though not quite on normal lines. There's a breath of adventure about it all that blows away schoolroom cobwebs. In their one short week both pupils and teachers learn a tremendous lot.

It's an axiom in education that the success of a school is largely a reflection of the character of its headmaster. The impact of one personality is even more noticeable in a camp; the warden is king twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

More Like a Cowboy

Charles Woodward, the warden at Northaw, is a tall, athletic type, more like a lean cowboy or an axe-swinging woodsman than a schoolteacher.

Woodward's ideas on education are dynamic and remote from dusty academies. He spent his first fifteen years teaching in the classroom, but every year he took parties of boys on school journeys.

Walking and working, sleeping in Youth Hostels, they studied towns, industries, communications and the countryside as they went.

Before visitors come to the Hertfordshire School Camp, Woodward asks them what they expect to see. "Oh, just tents in a field." In fact, the site is a secluded valley, next to two hundred acres of the Great Wood of Northaw. Approaching, one glimpses tents amid bracken slopes, open woodland and picturesque coppices of silver birch.

Woodward took on the warden's job without seeing the place on ("note the date") April 1, 1945. He found the tents massed round camp headquarters. The crowding complicated discipline and sanitation, so he set about planning a sensible dispersal.

He split up the tents into six "villages" and tucked them out of sight in various parts of his ninety acres as little communities on their own.

Each "village" consists of half-a-dozen tents set back round a green, and is inhabited by twenty children with two teachers to look after them. In the centre flies a flag emblazoned with the village's name and device.

Each village burns its rubbish every morning. "Villagers" cook their own tea over their village camp fires on Wednesdays and Sundays. Sometimes they do more than that. "You know it rained all day yesterday?" said a gang of schoolgirls in one village. "It didn't stop us. We cooked all our own meals—breakfast, dinner and tea. They were lovely!"

Usually children and teachers gather for meals in the dining marquee. A bell summons them. The 120 kids make a happy din, silenced now and then for announcements. Spicy bread pudding was the second course when I was there to lunch.

It's legitimate to ask how children can possibly learn anything serious in such an arcadian set-up.

"Our first concern," Woodward declares, "is to make them happy. Next we introduce them to camping; then comes the educational work. This is our chance to show them that the whole world isn't made up of pavements and houses."

There are four periods of school work daily. Every week Woodward distributes library books, fifty to a village, on birds, flowers, trees, sports and woodcraft. But the emphasis is on practical work. As I entered the camp a party of girls was going out with a teacher to visit historical Hatfield House. They walked past chanting "Doing what comes nat'rally. . . ." That, indeed, is how they learn.

Hardly Realize it's Work

Because they don't sit cooped up in a crowded classroom, grinding away at dog-eared books or gazing listlessly at a blackboard, many of the kids are convinced that they have no lessons at all.

There's nothing casual about the curriculum, however. Every party submits a "scheme of work" to the county educational authority before arriving.

Girls and boys study nature at first hand on the camp site and in the Great Wood at Northaw. They make collections of flowers and leaves, sketch tree silhouettes, and compete in recognition tests of fungi and birds.

Boys in woodwork classes learn to identify different timbers and to recognize them in growing trees. There is plenty of chance for ingenious villagers to make camping gadgets such as shoe racks, towel rails and birch brooms.

Woodward points with pride to the sturdy camp gates. The boys who made them felled the timber on the spot. They worked on them each year during their week's camp, and completed the job with wrought iron fittings forged at the local blacksmith's.

A lesson in "maths" sometimes involves preparing a scale drawing of a village. One master helped his boys to pace out an acre of land; then they took a census of the different trees and bushes growing on it.

"It gave us something real to do," a maths mistress told me, "when the warden asked us to work out the superficial area of some tents, so that he'd know how much water-proofing to order."

History Really Lives

Geography can become graphic in the fresh air. The children range over actual territory. They use maps to find their way, setting them by prismatic compass. They learn ordnance survey symbols and set out to find what they indicate. They follow the contours. They survey sections of the camp site, and chart local footpaths and streams.

At the practical level it's impossible to prevent subjects like geography and history overlapping. The past comes alive with visits to St. Albans Cathedral and local churches, to Verulamium and Broxbourne's Roman Road.

Apart from normal sightseeing, the youngsters visit farms to see cows milked by electric machine, and local nurseries which grow tomatoes, cucumbers and roses under glass.

Lessons continually spill over into sparetime fun: sketching in coloured

Continued on page 15

NORTHERN FRONTIER OF THE IRON

"Don't worry too much about the neighbours" is the slogan of traditionally neutral Sweden. Finland, in the recent elections, acted on it. Proud of their high standard of living, the Scandinavian States sit tight and hope for the best. But what if the neighbour turns nasty?

IN THOSE COOL COUNTRIES which we lump together rather vaguely as Scandinavia, civilization has progressed during the last fifty years as nowhere else in the world. It has moved hand in hand with democracy.

Industry, progressive agriculture and afforestation have made good in an atmosphere of political enlightenment. The arts, particularly the applied arts, have prospered. There are few places in the world where the ordinary life of the man-in-the-street has become so satisfactory.

Yet the new alignment of the world has turned these prosperous, hard-working and enlightened States into a vast frontier territory. They are the northern extension of the sinister reality which we glibly call "the Iron Curtain."

Geographically and culturally they fit together. But even a quick inspection reveals them to be amazingly diverse. It is a frontier whose quality and depth varies. There are weak points and strong points.

I am just back from a journey where I encountered people of all sorts in Denmark, Sweden and Finland. I discovered a frontier made up of thoughts and feelings, doubts and hopes.

Denmark is all tied up with our breakfast tables. Looking beyond the bacon and butter problems, however, I had the refreshing experience of discovering an entirely new aspect of democracy. In Copenhagen they have hit upon the novel practice of bringing Ministers of the Crown before a microphone and quizzing them publicly about how the country is being run.

An old acquaintance of mine, Hendrik Rechendorff, journalist and broadcaster, thought up this remarkable radio feature. He began by tackling Prime Minister Hans Hedtoft, who agreed to answer thirty questions, provided they were quite genuine.

Why Dictators Blunder

Hedtoft, an alert Labour man in his early forties, told me he agreed to the scheme immediately it was proposed. "One of the reasons why the dictators of this world always make so many stupid blunders is because they have lost all connection with the people they govern."

Hedtoft has been Premier since November, 1947, and he welcomed the opportunity of hearing what the man-in-the-street wanted to know about him and his colleagues.

As soon as Rechendorff went to the microphone and told listeners of his proposal to quiz their Prime Minister, questions came in from all over the country. He had to choose thirty from the two thousand questions submitted.

The Prime Minister received the thirty questions before the broadcast in order to give him an opportunity to make considered replies.

"*How is a roaring lion transformed into a tame lamb?*" was one of the first questions. "*In other words, why is there such a difference between the Prime Minister's speeches before the election and afterwards?*"

Another question concerned Britain: "*Mr. Attlee had asked his Ministers to go home from work by trams, bus or tube. Why didn't you follow your British colleague's example and ask your Ministers not to use cars?*"

Nothing is barred in this quiz. "*Why don't we sell Greenland in order to save Denmark's economy by the dollars paid for it? If there is a new war coming, we shall not be able to keep it anyway. . . .*" The Prime Minister replied that it was absolutely irreconcilable with Denmark's conscience to sell out. "*It is not a task for our generation or for this Government to reduce Denmark.*"

The quiz is the most popular radio entertainment in Denmark. How inconceivable such a thing would be upon the other side of the frontier!

Cure for a Cold

Standing naked in a back garden in a Stockholm suburb also provided me with novel opportunities for reflection. I admit that my first thoughts were about death. Would it be a quick death? Would my obituarists really believe that I had met my end in trying to cure a common cold in the most hygienic city in the most over-organized State in Europe?

I had snivelled a little during the day and my Swedish friend had recommended a steam cure, after one of those sultry, painstaking and opulent dinners which are still a feature of Swedish life. We bowed to the ladies, went down to the wash house next to his kitchen. I thought I should die as I sat in my little loin cloth in the middle of a row of benches and the steam hissed out until you could not tell which was you and which was the condensation on the wall.

We discussed Scandinavian politics as suavely as that melting world permitted. Some cold water was dashed into my face. It revived me sufficiently to feel discomfort at the arrival of the ladies, who, with sweating elegance, crowded us upon the benches and talked of food rationing—as if in Sweden it mattered.

My cold must have fled at that moment when I plunged, semi-conscious, into the bath tub containing cold water.

"Come on," said the men, "the ladies are already having a rub down and a run in the garden. . . ."

So, certain of death, I joined them and our nudity seemed most visible in the reflection of many lighted, uncurtained suburban windows. "What," I said, "about the neighbours?"

"Here in Sweden," I was told, "one must not have too much consideration for the neighbours. . . ." I am alive to tell the tale and to reflect upon the wider implications of that remark.

The Swedes, living in a materialistic heaven of their own, are good neighbours; but they have been careful to calculate the amount of consideration necessary. Their principal concern is for neutrality.

It was significant that in the crisis which threatened Scandinavia early this year, the first action of the Swedish Government was to declare its neutrality in all circumstances.

Many Swedes whom I met have already realized that this line of appeasement, though it worked out in the past, is now impracticable. There is a chill wind blowing from the East across the Baltic. It comes from the direction of the traditional enemy, Russia. Neither the highest standard of living in the world nor the most pacific protestations will ultimately hold back the gigantic forces which are already involved in the cold war along these frontiers.

From Stockholm to Helsinki is a matter of a couple of hours by aeroplane. In spite of hair-raising travellers' tales I had heard, I got through Helsinki Airport with less formalities than one suffers at Heathrow or La Guardia.

In Finland—to put it crudely—the penny had dropped. The Prime Minister of that country had been sent for and the whole population had held its breath, not only while the negotiations were on but when they were over and their too-good-to-be-true terms were published.

In Finland, they have been living for many years very close to the realities. Every ninth citizen is a displaced person; every sixteenth man is permanently disabled; every seventeenth woman is a war widow; every twenty-fifth child is a war orphan. There is a war indemnity equivalent to three hundred million gold dollars to be paid to the Soviet Union over a period of eight years.

In the circumstances, one would be a fool to expect the Finns to chat freely and openly about the people over the border. In Helsinki you are not more than forty kilometres from Russian-occupied territory—and you don't shout about a neighbour a hundred times as big as you are when your voice carries through a very thin fence.

In Helsinki, the way of life is Scandinavian, the culture Western. You can enjoy good food at an enormous cost. You can live in pleasant apartments which are rationed to one person per room. Almost the largest bookshop in Europe is to be found there. It has two of its windows completely dressed with English and American books.

Elections Were a Sign

Resistance to the Russian way of living is implicit in everything which Finland is and in everything which her citizens make it their pleasure or business to do.

The reverses suffered by pro-Russian candidates at the elections earlier this month showed clearly that a people with their eyes open to what has already happened in Czechoslovakia will cause their native Communists to lose ground.

I had an interview with Madame Hertta Kuusinen. She is a woman who dominates that abnormally quiet northern scene. She is chairman of the Communist Party in Finland. Her husband, as Minister of the Interior, has had control of the Police Force. Her father is a renegade Finn who became a Soviet citizen and who is now President of the Soviet Karelian Republic, formerly Finnish territory. Madame Kuusinen is a realist and she has suffered for her realism. She has been in prison in Finland. She now controls something infinitely more potent than any fifth column.

She told me that war can only be brought about because of the attitude of the capitalist States. She seemed to regard my country as one of these capitalist States.

I spoke to her of the great and heroic sufferings of women in Britain, both under bombardment and during the aftermath of war when they have had to carry one of the world's greatest burdens of shortage and disappointment. This important and intelligent woman only smiled distantly. She told me that she knows next to nothing of the women in my country.

The calculated ignorance, which is one of the tragedies of our times, showed its ugly hand. . . .

It has been suggested many times by many wise people that the ultimate ambition of all Russian conferences with the Finns is to obtain a right of passage across the north of the Gulf of Finland. Such a possibility is interesting. It confronts Russia immediately with the Swedish fortress of Boden—a highly security-minded Aldershot, where train travellers are not allowed outside a certain radius of the railway station.

Boden is the strategic key to the Swedish Arctic. I travelled from Boden on the single track railway which leads to one of the most fabulous industrial enterprises in the world, the iron ore mines at Kiruna.

This, I believe, is the richest deposit

URTAIN

by JOHN PUDNEY

of iron ore in the world, and it is the most productive mine in Europe outside the Soviet Union. It is not a mine as we in Britain know the word. They simply blast slices from the top of a low mountain, crush it and load it into trucks. Seventy-five per cent of the load is iron.

A glance at a map shows how important is this industrial enterprise in relation to the new postwar strategies of Europe.

A few scores of miles away, in Norwegian territory, lies the port of Narvik, which the Allies tried to hold in the second World War. This is the natural outlet for the vast potential of Swedish iron ore (limited by agreement with the Swedish Government to 6.5 million tons a year).

Well-paid Communists

Kiruna, with a Socialist town council, is the largest city in the world—for administration purposes it includes in its boundaries a tract of Swedish Lapland the size of England. The iron ore mine, called locally "Mountain of the Ptarmigan," employs about 1,500 miners, of which thirty to forty per cent are said to be Communists, the best-paid Communist workmen in Europe.

One last look at this curiously uneven frontier. On the way back to England, I visited the island of Bornholm, the only territory in Europe which Russians have occupied, *and left*. It is one of the most varied, highly cultivated, and beautiful islands in that region of insular communities.

The Russians came as liberators. They behaved well. They were kept strictly in camp in the evenings. With reminiscent smiles, some of the fishermen described to me how the Soviet soldiery had drunk hair tonic when the native schnapps ran short.

How does it add up? Scandinavia presents an intensification of the ideals of a human race which desires to live at peace. Perhaps the most noticeable vice in those cool countries is self-satisfaction. So much has been gained by so much hard work that a measure of satisfaction is justified. The virtue which they share is that of leaving other peoples alone. They have no ambition to convert other peoples to their way of life.

The fear which they share is the undermining of all that they have gained by the influences of Communism. Communism is making no progress on the surface. It can only succeed by the invasion of indefensible frontiers, though it might make headway by cunning infiltration.

Meanwhile the Iron Curtain is a reality in every sense but geographically. It is artificial. It is impenetrable and, because it is based on ignorance and fear, it is threatening.

The strategy of the struggle for world power may well move northward. If it does, all those Viking communities must revive the old warlike characteristics which they buried with their axes so long ago.

Pleasure-seekers lounge on the beach at Copenhagen's pleasant Bellevue. But brooding over the Scandinavian scene is realistic Madame Kuusinen, chairman of the Finnish Communist Party. John Pudney questioned her about war

FREE SPEECH

Hay is spoilt, holidays ruined by misleading weather forecasts. A farmer says we ought to get better service for our money

One way to brighten up a kitchen: Mrs. A. M. Scott of Barnsley, Yorks, has papered the walls with coloured pictures. John Bull covers are prominent.

A. W. Hibbett of Coalville, with the delphinium which just grew and grew

IT SEEMS FANTASTIC to me that with all the money now being spent on weather forecasting, these "experts" still cannot say whether or not it will be wet or fine within a period of seven hours.

Farmers as well as holidaymakers have a right to expect reasonable accuracy in weather forecasting. I write with feeling on this subject, as incompetent forecasting has recently spoilt for me some really good hay.

I could have carried in that hay one day early, but the weather forecasters promised fine weather so I left it. Now, it's ruined, and can only be used as a "filler" for my stock later on.—DISGUSTED FARMER, Bodmin, Cornwall. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Fair Fares

NOW THAT THE GOVERNMENT has taken over control of transport, it is high time fares were readjusted.

A large proportion of the workers in London and other centres travel to and from their work by public vehicles, and fares are a big item of their weekly expenses. On the trams and trains a reduction is made on workmen's tickets used early in the morning. But with staggered working hours, many workmen are penalized by having to pay the higher fare through no fault of their own.

Fares should be adjusted so that every worker pays the same amount of money. —R. E. SMITH, Flat 2, 24 Bromley Road, London, S.E.6.

Picture Libraries . . .

WE HAVE EXCELLENT public libraries for books and equally good gramophone record libraries. Why shouldn't we also have libraries for pictures? I am sure many people would be enthusiastic about being able to borrow a painting for a couple of weeks to hang on their walls. —MRS. D. RAE, 5 Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

. . . Here's How

I LIVE IN a very old house, sadly in need of repairs which unfortunately I can't afford. However, I have managed to paper my walls—with the help of JOHN BULL. The walls of my little back kitchen are now covered with some of the best of JOHN BULL's coloured covers, together with other coloured reproductions.

I have cut them all into even sizes, and pasted them up in rows. The result is that my kitchen now looks cheerful and tricky, and is much admired by friends.—MRS. A. M. SCOTT, Barnsley, Yorks. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Britons Who Moan

Donald Kent

CAN YOU let me have the address of "Aussie Wife" who complained in JOHN BULL (July 3) that five of the six families she had "adopted" and to whom she sends parcels, only reply to moan about conditions here? I should like to write and tell her how we really are managing in Britain. People like her "adoptees" give a very wrong impression to our friends overseas.

I am a shop assistant, married, with two children, so my income will not allow me to give any false impression of wealth. But we manage to scrape along happily and healthily and have certainly no reason to grouse.—DONALD KENT, 4 Cobbetts Lane, Darby Green, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey.

⁂ *Hundreds of other readers asked for address. JOHN BULL's policy is not to reveal information about correspondents who want to remain anonymous.*—EDITOR.

Wholesalers Aren't to Blame

IN JOHN BULL (July 3), H. Gibbons complained that the majority of new potatoes on sale are no bigger than marbles, and that the fault lay with wholesalers eager to cash in while prices were high.

That isn't true. The potatoes are set at a certain date, and they have an allotted time to mature. Sometimes the season is good, and they mature early. Sometimes it's bad and they don't. But good or bad, they must be lifted and the field ploughed for the next crop to be set for the second half of the year. Remember, a farmer has to live in winter as well as summer. — COUNTRYWOMAN, Shepshed, Leicester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Going Up!

WE AND ALL OUR neighbours are amazed at the size of a delphinium in our back garden. It has three main stems which are eight feet six inches, seven feet and six feet tall respectively. They have twelve side stems averaging twenty-seven inches in length each. The plant has never been artificially fed in any way.—A. W. HIBBETT, 29 London Road, Coalville, Leicestershire.

Hypnotism in Harley Street

DISCUSSING HYPNOTISM, J. F. Sterne implied (JOHN BULL, June 26) that medical men do not make full use of this science.

Personally, I have used hypnotism for over fifteen years on suitable cases. Any nervous complaint amenable to treatment by psychiatry will respond to hypnotism in a fraction of the time. Furthermore, most organic complaints such as asthma, blood pressure, etc., have a big nervous element and can be greatly relieved by hypnotism.

Painful and apparently hopeless conditions will often respond to this when ordinary medical treatment can do no more.—SPECIALIST, Harley Street, London, W.1. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Polyclinics not Health Centres

ILLUSTRATING THE article "You and the Health Service" (JOHN BULL, June 26), a photograph taken in the Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, bore the caption "Similar centres are promised all over the country."

In fact, the centres visualized under the National Insurance Scheme are polyclinics for the care of the sick and the treatment of disease. The Pioneer Health Centre, launched in 1929, is still the only *health* centre for the study and promotion of health rather than for the curing of disorder.

Health centres of the Peckham type will come just as soon as people demand them. Particulars can be obtained from the secretary of the National Health Trust at this address.—MARY GOWING, The Pioneer Health Centre, 8f Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W.1.

That Radio Licence

J. SLATER IN JOHN BULL (July 3) complained that although he seldom listened to the B.B.C., he still had to pay £1 for a wireless licence.

If he reads that licence carefully, he will see that he pays his £1 for maintaining a receiving station for broadcast signals. Even if his set was incapable of picking up B.B.C. transmissions, he would still have to buy a licence.—W. SAYNOR, 18 Low Gipton Crescent, Leeds, 8.

Haw-Haw: Humbug and Hypocrite

Mrs. Jessie Pierce,

"NOBODY HAS the right to despise him," wrote C. E. Bechhofer Roberts of William Joyce in his article "Haw-Haw Nearly Got Away with It" (JOHN BULL, July 3).

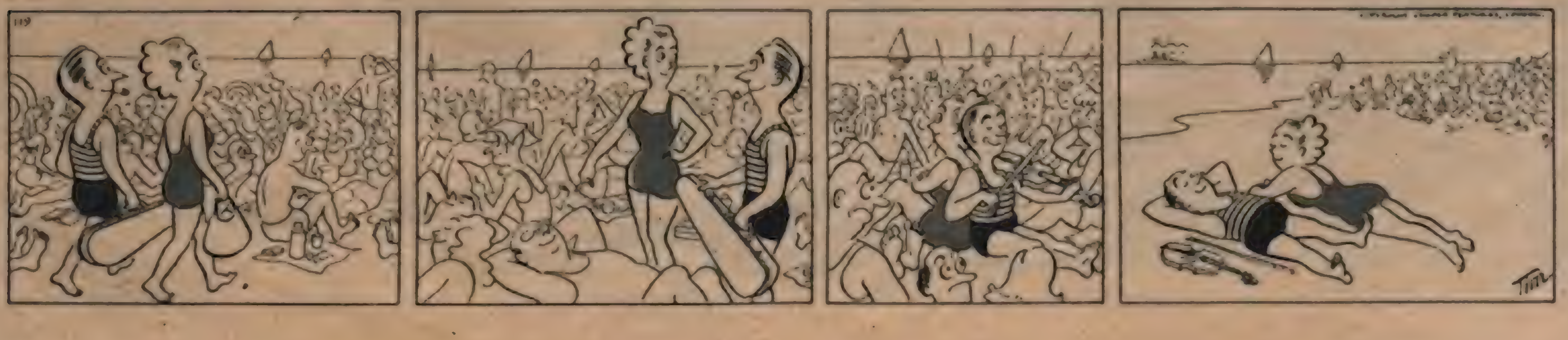
This sort of statement infuriates me. I for one do claim the right to despise "Haw-Haw." I despised him more than any other war criminal. This man claimed British nationality all his life when it suited him; especially as a cloak for his work against Britain.

I have read every word of his trial and of his previous life and I despise him as a humbug and a hypocrite with all my heart. — MRS. JESSIE PIERCE, Willow Cottage, Lebberston, Scarborough, Yorks.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



EDUCATION GOES CAMPING

Continued from page 11

crayons, clay modelling, studying cloud formations, country dancing, first aid or campcraft with a demonstration tent

I ran into six girls in a clearing sawing wood. "This isn't lessons," I said. "What are you learning now?" A small nymph, wrestling with a large log, answered promptly. "We're learning to look after ourselves," she said

If I were to criticize the curriculum, I would suggest more attention for a vital country subject *Where our food comes from*. The camp might well have its own vegetable plots and orchard, some chickens and ducks, a pig and a couple of milking goats or a friendly Channel Island cow

There are snags in this because the camp is not occupied all the year round. It is already largely self-supporting so far as work is concerned. Woodward worked it out that everyone should share both village and main camp jobs. Village duties include folding and airing all bedding, and tidying up the woodpile and fireplace. Each day a different party turns out for kitchen chores A wooden Pinocchio puppet occupies a place at the table of the duty "washers-up."

Girls are better than boys at peeling potatoes, boys are better than girls at gathering wood "They camp, too, at a different tempo" says Woodward. He tries to fill the main camp with all boys or all girls. When mixed schools are in camp, boys and girls occupy separate villages.

Sing-song to End Up

On the final evening of each "term," everyone gathers round the camp fire. We started to sing, when I was there, as the flames leapt straight up into the evening stillness. Each village in turn gave the lead with a song. The kids warmed up with the fire As it blazed redder and hotter, they "raised the roof" with the old choruses — "Clementine," "John Brown's Body," "One Man Went to Mow"

I talked that afternoon with two women teachers who had both come camping in previous years.

"Look at those two going down to wash *without being asked*!" said one. "Living together like this, the slack ones learn a lot just by example from the rest. Yes, washing behind their ears, and taking their clothes off to wash their necks properly. Things like that."

"Living night and day with twenty children, *and* another teacher, you get to know them thoroughly," said the other

Plainly the one short week, the tents, the canvas villages, and the *grand finale* camp fire—these simple things weld teachers and pupils in a mutual respect which no amount of ordinary schooling would produce

I wish sincerely that my three sons lived in the county so that they could learn the same invaluable lessons as these Hertfordshire children

Why not set up similar canvas "colleges" in other counties? The outlay is nominal. The results fill chinks in modern urban schooling in a way which even Baden-Powell could not have foreseen

In the comfortable London offices of the Ministry of Education, nobody seemed to know much about the camp in Northaw Wood. I suggest that George Tomlinson takes his camping experts down there on a visit. They could learn a whole lot

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LESNEVICH NEVER LETS UP

by ALAN HOBY

There's much to learn from the spartan training tactics of the American who meets Mills in next week's vital big fight

All part of Lesnevich build-up. "No bright night lights for me," he says

THE OTHER DAY I watched a well-known British boxer take a terrible lacing from a man everyone thought he would whip. He treated us to as pathetic and puerile a display as any I have seen.

This fighter was hopelessly soft and out of condition. Through lack of preparation he let down his country, the public and himself.

Now I admit that this sort of personal slackness is not common in the fight game. Most of our front-line pugilists train diligently—though, unfortunately, often with the wrong ideas and using the wrong methods

Why, then, have I recounted the story of the lazy fighter? Because it illustrates the gap between American and Continental training methods and our own So, in a different way, does the example set by that great American boxer, Gus Lesnevich, blue-eyed, curly-haired light-heavyweight champion of the world

Frankly, I wish I could have hired a motor coach, filled it with up-and-coming fighters and taken them down to Brighton, where thirty-three year old Gus has been tuning up for his world title scrap with Freddie Mills at the White City next Monday. Lesnevich's training schedule and tactics would amaze them.

This grim-faced battler from New Jersey is the most conscientious craftsman I have ever seen. His aim is perfection.

"There'll be no alibis if we lose," his manager, dark, dapper Joe Vella, told me "There's nothing sloppy about Gus. Everything he does he does properly — whether it's washing his month-old twin sons or whaling the daylight out of an opponent."

When Jack Solomons, who is staging the Lesnevich-Mills affray, visited Lesnevich's home in New Jersey recently, Gus was lifting one of his tiny sons out of his crib. He handled the mite as expertly as any mother. "There's everything that I want at home," says Gus. "No bright night lights for me"

For the record, this Russian-American has had seventy-three fights in his fifteen years as a professional. For practically every one of those scraps he has done betwen one hundred and 150 rounds of boxing and sparring and well over two hundred miles of roadwork

No Grills, Potatoes, Coffee

He started training for next Monday's bout with Mills ten weeks ago. He rises at six o'clock and does a complicated set of callisthenics to speed up his reflexes, toughen his stomach muscles and strengthen his legs. He eats only two meals a day and has nothing grilled. He spurns potatoes and coffee

You may laugh at this as pernickety nonsense, but self-discipline has been Lesnevich's secret. Gus is a spartan champ

One day recently I watched him box six strenuous rounds, do some intensive work on the heavy and light bags and then rap out a lightning tom-tom with his gloved fists on the small bag

Before they left the States his manager spent £5 on a special swivel which gives added mobility to the small bag when it is subjected to concentrated punching pressure A small thing, but Lesnevich's exhibition of revved-up hitting power over three minutes without pause was fascinating. Gus didn't mistime a single blow.

As far as conditioning is concerned, Lesnevich is never through. He is in training all the time

He even wears down his trainer, a wise-cracking roly-poly character from Brooklyn, Freddie Fierro by name Freddie, too, sets us an American example.

As a boy he was always in street fights. "You've got to be tough in Brooklyn to survive," he says.

"There was only one thing for it. I bought up every textbook on training, physical culture, massage and bone formations I could find. For two years I trained amateurs for nothing I learned the hard way But it was worth it."

Yes, it was worth it. Today Freddie Fierro earns over £25 a week. If the average British trainer got half this sum he would think he was dreaming.

In building up Lesnevich, Joe Vella limited him to a maximum of ten bouts a year. "You can't rush things You've got to have patience. Gus fought all the toughest fighters in the States: Billy Conn, Bob Olin, Freddie Steele, Mauriello, Billy Fox, Lee Oma. You've got to build them up slowly"

That's another lesson—in straight dealing. On all sides in sport, and especially in boxing, you can see the tragic handiwork of unscrupulous men I have seen perambulating punchbags finished at twenty-five. I have watched fighting innocents mashed-up pieces of pulp most of them—slaughtered monthly, even weekly, to buy mink for their manager's girl friend

"In the States," says Joe Vella, "we've got our bad characters, too. Time and time again Gus has been approached by the big-racket guys. They've tried to tempt him away from me. 'Joe's all right,' they would tell him, 'but he can't take you anywhere. We can get you twice as much dough.'"

"Gus's answer has always been the same. 'Go and see Joe. If it's O K with him, it's O K. with me. But I don't do a thing without him'"

Lesnevich's encounter with Mills will be vital. He has been named chief contender for Louis's title. He may meet Woodcock for the world championship. Defeat by Freddie Mills would end that ambition

When Mills Made a Comeback

Two of Lesnevich's toughest fights in the past have been against Mills and Woodcock. One he lost. In the other he scraped home by an eyelash. At Harringay on May 14, 1946, Lesnevich flattened Mills five times in the second round and Mills had to be picked off the canvas. Then, between the second and the tenth rounds, Mills came back, made a huge mess of both Lesnevich's eyes and split his nose

After Lesnevich, in a final effort, had deposited Mills on the floor four times the referee stopped the contest. It has since been argued that had Mills been allowed to continue he would have won

The American boxing expert, Nat Fleischer, writes as follows in the latest issue of *The Ring* magazine: "England has good . . . fighters, but with a few exceptions our boys surpass the British in fighting qualities. They are more aggressive, do far more in-fighting and can take a punch better. . . ."

Faced though he is with a formidable and brilliantly trained opponent, it is up to the lion-hearted Freddie Mills to prove those words wrong

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS'S cover kids are back again, this time as a result of the artist telling them of the forthcoming tussle between Mills and Lesnevich. Marvelling that anyone should get paid for having a fight, the boys decided it was high time they muscled in on the racket. With a fine disregard for ring finance, they ruled that the winner should take all. "And so," says Mays, "the herculean contest began, timed by an old alarm clock." The winner still had enough energy after the fight was over to chase the two gate-crashers and claim their admittance fees.

WITH MY FEET UP

Women, Figuratively Speaking

Last week I was proud to be able to publish part of the results of an inquiry by the Fox Poll of Public Prejudice into the controversial question of whether men are superior to women.

The representative cross-section of the public which was questioned was specially chosen from the sort of people who don't care a hang for polls. The result was that a high proportion of subjects answered: "What the devil's it got to do with you?" Three of our most persistent investigators are still in hospital.

Last week, the report was concerned with men. This week it will be entirely about—wait for it—WOMEN.

An interesting fact about the poll was that, when men were questioned while they were with women, one hundred per cent said they thought women were superior. But when men were approached alone, with no women present, only one out of all those questioned said he thought women were superior. It later transpired that this one thought the investigator was talking about something else.

* * *

Here are some of the replies.

Clerk, single, aged twenty-three: "I spend my working hours dealing with figures but I think that, as figures go, women are superior. In fact, some of them are smashing."

Plumber, married, aged forty: "I always carry with me a piece of lead piping, and I find that after a few smart taps women don't trouble me much."

Man with a drooping moustache, married, aged forty-eight: "Natter, natter, natter." (On being asked to elucidate further, the subject said: "Chatter, chatter, chatter.")

Ex-Serviceman, single, aged twenty-five: "The trouble is women always want to marry you. However, I use them as pin-ups but they can't pin me down. As pin-ups women are definitely superior to men."

Convict in prison, single, aged thirty: "Women? Of course they're superior. One of them was fly enough to put one over on me—and look where I am now."

Sailor, single, aged twenty-eight: "There's only one thing in which women can beat men — having babies."

I think this report might well conclude with a summary of the total opinions of women on women. Slightly over 3.478 per cent of women stated without hesitation that women are superior to men, and that, if it weren't for women, Heaven only knows what a mess men would get themselves into.

by Ian Fox

Children watch raptly as "Mlle Blondin" walks tightrope. Only *pulex irritans* will do the job

Fleas that jump to it

by *HUBERT COLE*

Mr. Testo's niece, Dolly, opens the cigar box, picks up her tweezers, and proclaims: "I am now going to introduce the world's smallest performing artists. : . ."

She is quoting from the poster outside the booth. It is headed "International Flea Circus presenting the World Famous Performing Fleas," and promises a programme selected from Trixie (the Daring Young Flea on the Flying Trapeze), Mlle Blondin (Graceful Flea Tightrope Walker), Fido (the Flea Watchdog), Wun Lung Tu (the Chinese Juggling Flea), the Flea Ballet (Beautiful Flea Girls in Lovely Dresses), Samson and Delilah (Incredible Feats of Strength), and Pedro and Pierre (the Famous Duellists—Fighting a Duel with Swords).

Dolly extracts one flea harnessed to a metal cart, which she announces weighs 150 times as much as the flea, places it on the table and has another dip in the box.

"And here is Mademoiselle Blondin, a very attractive French flea. You will notice that she is in the latest fashion and wears a feather."

Mademoiselle Blondin, a monstrous feather perched on a spindly body, begins to pirouette across the blotting paper. Dolly produces the three charioteers, Julius Caesar, Ben Hur and Nero, and sets them off on a race towards the tiny Union Jack on a flagpole three inches away. The Chinese juggler balances a ball in another segment of the ring.

Dolly sets the trapeze swinging and Trixie—clutching, one presumes, breathlessly to the bar—cuts elegant curves backwards and forwards in the air. A flea on a tricycle pedals laboriously on.

Pedro and Pierre put on a spirited display, balanced on a tight wire, and slash gallantly over each other's heads with wooden-hilted swords, the tiny aluminium blades glinting under the arc lamp.

The show has taken about ten minutes. There is another queue waiting outside.

Because of these busy periods, each performer has one or two understudies. Fleas tire easily, though their strength when in action is remarkable. A flea can make a horizontal jump of thirteen inches: somewhere between fifty and one hundred times its own body-length.

Human beings built to the same specifications, instead of having to run like heck to do the hundred yards in under ten seconds, could jump it in one—and demolish the 220 in a jump and a bit.

Extra work demands extra rations. At busy times the fleas get four meals a day, in batches of ten or a dozen, from a vein in Mr. Testo's arm. He says this does not make him itch, and insists that flies are clean and indeed choosy feeders.

"I've been told that a flea won't live on a human being whose blood is even one per cent out of order. They won't go near anybody with a cold." So immunity may be due to catarrh, not cleanliness.

Alf Testo has been running his flea circus, off and on, since 1930. He puts on his show at thirty to thirty-five places during the year, usually hiring the pitch from the local corporation.

At Olympia a couple of years ago Alf was nearly put out of business by a flit-gun. The flea circus was in the angle formed by the elephants and lions. Some hygienist decided to deodorize the larger animals and inadvertently shot a dose of disinfectant over the fleas next door.

At the next show they gave a remarkably sluggish and drunken performance. Alf, guessing what had happened, got them into the fresh air just in time to save their lives, and then went to see Mr. Mills about having the flitting discontinued forthwith.

A flea's span of life is depressingly short—about three weeks. Alf has managed to keep them going for three months, but has never bred from them in captivity, so the problem of replacements is a constant worry.

A notice just behind Dolly's head as she comments on the show offers to buy fleas at sixpence a time. Alf puts similar advertisements in local newspapers.

There is one invariable stipulation: they must be human fleas. "An animal flea," says Alf, "hasn't the stamina or the intelligence. There's as much difference between a dog flea and a human flea as there is between a dog and a man. The dog flea is long and flexible; the human flea is more like an elephant.

"It doesn't seem there's any animal of its size that you can train as well as a flea. I tried ants once—but they bend."

Harness-fitting the Secret

Three qualities are essential to the make-up of a good flea-trainer: eyesight, patience and a sensitive touch.

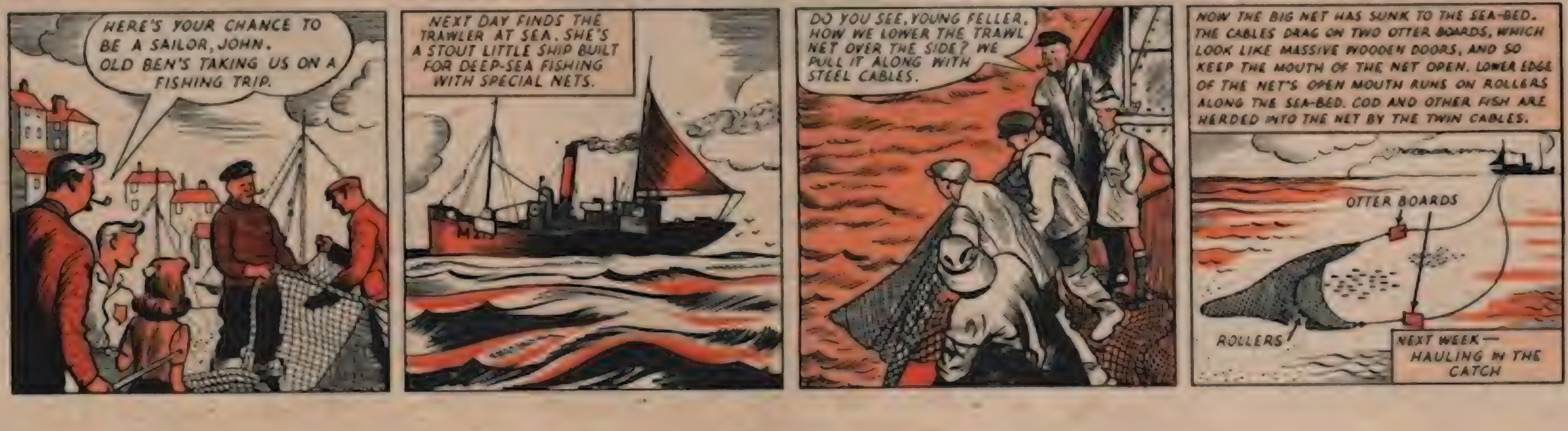
The secret of the job lies in fitting the harness, which varies according to the act the flea is to perform, but always includes a collar round the flea's neck. This must be tight enough to prevent the flea from escaping; not so tight as to injure him. That is where the eyesight and sensitive touch come in. Alf claims that his daughter can tell if a flea has a broken leg, just by the feel of it.

The harness is silver wire (it used to be gold), so fine that it is scarcely visible. Every one of the thirty or forty members of the troupe is fitted with a harness. Each harness has to be removed from the dead predecessor and a new flea trained in it every six or seven weeks. And fifty per cent of the replacements fail to respond to training.

All the same, Alf is still prepared to pay for untried talent at sixpence a time. But only *pulex irritans*, the human kind, will do. It is no good trying to fool Mr. Testo with, say, *cetenocephalides canis*. He would spot it in a moment. For it is mongrel-minded, will not respond to direction, and bends in the middle.

UNCLE ANDY

Out to Sea in a Trawler

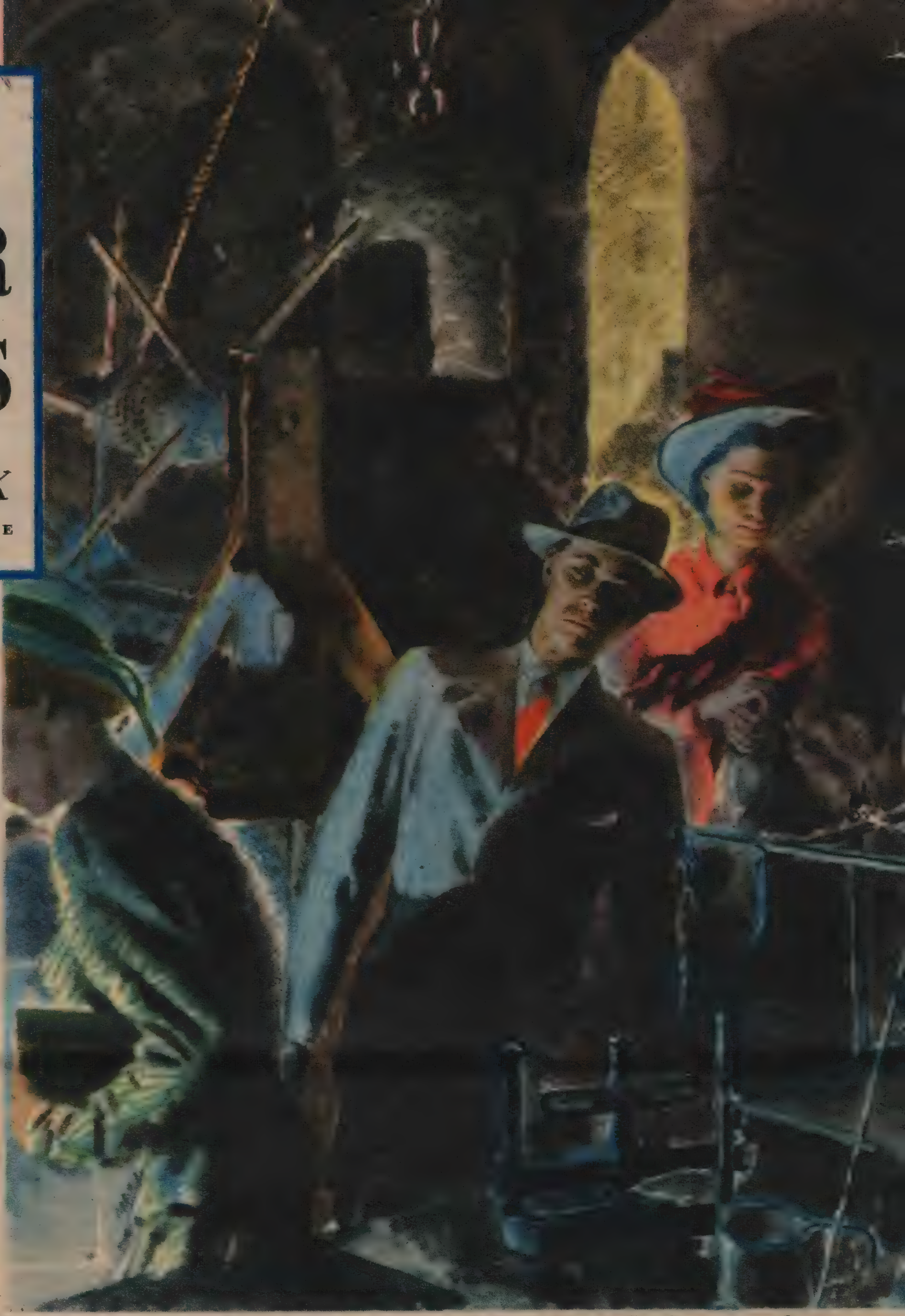

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE A SAILOR, JOHN. OLD BEN'S TAKING US ON A FISHING TRIP.
NEXT DAY FINDS THE TRAWLER AT SEA. SHE'S A STOUT LITTLE SHIP BUILT FOR DEEP-SEA FISHING WITH SPECIAL NETS.
DO YOU SEE, YOUNG FELLER, HOW WE LOWER THE TRAWL NET OVER THE SIDE? WE PULL IT ALONG WITH STEEL CABLES.
NOW THE BIG NET HAS SUNK TO THE SEA-BED. THE CABLES DRAG ON TWO OTTER BOARDS, WHICH LOOK LIKE MASSIVE WOODEN DOORS, AND SO KEEP THE MOUTH OF THE NET OPEN. LOWER EDGE OF THE NET'S OPEN MOUTH RUNS ON ROLLERS ALONG THE SEA-BED. COD AND OTHER FISH ARE HERDED INTO THE NET BY THE TWIN CABLES.
OTTER BOARDS
ROLLERS
NEXT WEEK— HAULING IN THE CATCH

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

by LAURENCE KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

There had been Lucy and then Rose. It was about time Ada went the same way



In the torture chamber, Ada was lagging behind him. So far so good

STANLEY MARTINGALE was a mild-mannered man of average height. He was also a wife killer. There was nothing passionate about it. The idea of killing did not come to him suddenly in a gust of anger; it was there all the time. The marriage was merely a means to that end. It was really a form of investment.

He married a woman just as he might buy some shares in the stock market. Later he sold out by killing her. He was a house agent by profession and sometimes invested in real estate as well.

Like others of his kind he selected the women carefully. They were invariably rather plain to look at, not very young, and in possession of an income of their own. At the same time they must not be too rich, for that would arouse suspicion. It was also a firm rule with him never to operate in the same neighbourhood twice.

Lucy, his first wife, was married in Liverpool and buried in Liverpool. Rose, his second, lived in Newcastle and died there. Ada, the third, was still alive after two years of marriage and lived with him at Golders Green. Ada knew that he had been married to Rose, but she did not know about Lucy.

In the same way when Ada went, his next wife would know about her, but not about Rose or Lucy. It inspired confidence and compassion to be a widower at the age of forty-five; but it did not do to have been a widower too often.

As he sat by the fire in the house at Golders Green that March evening, Mr. Martingale was thinking that it was quite time that Ada did go. She was sewing opposite him by the fire while he was reading the evening paper.

It was her house where they were living, and the room was grossly overfurnished, with pictures and knick-knacks everywhere. Ada herself was as blowzy as the room, and she had a slight cold and sniffed occasionally.

Quite time, Mr. Martingale thought to himself as he turned the page. But he realized that he had to be very careful. Most people look back with horror at the risks they took when they were beginners in some form of activity: swimming, for instance, or driving a car or flying.

Mr. Martingale was no exception; for he had been amateurish enough to kill his first wife with arsenic. It had been well done in its way, and there had not been a breath of suspicion that anything was wrong. But that did not alter the fact that it would never do for Lucy to be exhumed. As for Rose, he did not quite know how he stood in her case; for she had died naturally of pneumonia, which had saved him from unnecessary planning.

Mr. Martingale put down his paper and stared into the fire for a moment. It was when a piece of burning coal fell off into the grate that something clicked in his mind. As he bent forward and put it back on the fire with the tongs, he was thinking of another occasion, years ago, when he had seen something burning, falling and falling, down and down, until he could follow it no longer.

A little gleam came into his eye as he went on staring at the fire, then Ada interrupted.

"Well, my dear, a penny for your thoughts!"

Mr. Martingale did not reply immediately.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "that it would be a good thing if we took our holiday early this year."

Ada replied in her usual brisk manner.

"Well, that would suit me, I'm sure. But we must go abroad, of course, as usual. Remember you promised."

"I haven't forgotten, dear. As a matter of fact a man was talking to me today, saying how attractive it was in Touraine, France, and quite cheap."

"Well, dear, it sounds like a pleasant change. But you mustn't expect me to do too much; my feet aren't getting any younger."

Mr. Martingale got up and put the fireguard in front of the fire preparatory to going to bed.

"I'll make some inquiries in the morning," he said quietly. It was only then that he remembered the name of the château which he particularly wanted to visit. Loches. Yes, that was the place. Loches.

THE Martingales arrived at Loches by bus at half-past three on a Wednesday afternoon. They could have done all the châteaux in a conducted tour, but that would have been too tiring for Ada as well as difficult for himself. So they stayed a night or two nights at each place and did their sightseeing independently in their own time.

Ada normally had a nap after lunch, and as she had not been able to have it this particular day, Mr. Martingale was relying on her having it when they arrived at the hotel. She did not disappoint him; and he left her lying on her bed eating sweets while he went out for a walk around the town.

They always occupied separate rooms, and Ada did not know that he changed his jacket and his hat and put on a pair of dark glasses before he went for his walk.

It was over twenty years since Mr. Martingale had been in Loches. He had been there on a bicycle tour the last time, and the pretty town with its white houses and blue slates, its gay château and grim dungeons, had made quite an impression on him.

It was the dungeons which had brought him back now. Loches had been the Buchenwald of its time, and he seemed to remember a dark cell there with a round gaping hole in one corner, which went down into the bowels of the earth.

An *oubliette* was what they called it, and the guide had said that if anyone ever did fall down there the body would never be discovered. Mr. Martingale proposed to make a reconnaissance now to see how well his memory had served him.

There were a few sightseers waiting in the courtyard by the entrance for the next conducted tour. Mr. Martingale joined them unobtrusively and when the hour struck, a guide appeared and led them all down a passage in the massive walls. The guide was exactly like the one that Mr. Martingale had had during his bicycling tour.

It was all coming back to Mr. Martingale as he followed the party around: the iron cages where Louis XI kept his special enemies, the bishops' cell with its crude carvings, the iron instruments of torture hanging on the wall. It was all there except what Mr. Martingale wanted.

True, the guide had pointed out several *oubliettes*, but they were all well covered over and no good at all. Mr. Martingale was just deciding that his memory had tricked him and that he would have to think again, when they came to the place.

AFTER they had come down some steps feebly lighted by electric light, the guide said: "Mesdames, Messieurs, here is still more horror!"

At the bottom it was quite dark, and the guide told them to stand still while he flashed his torch round the ceiling. Not a window, he pointed out. Not a light anywhere. What would *they* do if they had been flung down those steps and the door barred behind them? They would grope their way round the wall, wouldn't they, to see if there was any way out? Well, there was a way out and the victim always found it.

Then, and not till then, the guide flashed his torch at the gaping hole in the floor. And to make sure that they missed nothing, he then lighted a piece of newspaper as the sightseers gathered cautiously round the balustrade which guarded the hole. They saw the light falling and falling until it was hundreds of feet down and it was still falling when it went out.

"Fair gives yer the creeps!" said the woman standing next to Mr. Martingale.

Mr. Martingale said nothing. But another man remarked that it was a disgrace to have such a flimsy balustrade at a place like that, and they had all better stand back.

Mr. Martingale still said nothing, although he was glad the remark had been made. There was just one more thing he wanted to see. Would the guide stay till the last as the sightseers went back up the steps? It was rather important.

But the guide, after letting the first half dozen go in front, went with them, talking about the next horror; and the rest wasted no time in getting out of that dark and sinister chamber.

In spite of what the earlier guide had said, Mr. Martingale was not relying on the body's never being found. He was simply relying on its never being identified. With this end in view he had already removed the maker's name from both the coats Ada was likely to wear. Laundry marks he had also dealt with and she wore no jewellery that could be a clue.

She had two gold fillings in her teeth, but there was nothing he could do about that. There only remained the question of her handbag. For that he had alternative plans.

If possible, he would persuade Ada to leave it in the hotel on the ground that it would be a nuisance to carry. If that failed, he would throw it down one of the other *oubliettes*.

He did not want the handbag to be found with the body. Still less could he afford to be seen coming out of the dungeons into the bright sunlight carrying a lady's bag.

There was also another thing that had to be thought of. It would never do to come back and lunch at the hotel alone; they would have to appear to move on. It was here that he got into difficulties. Ada firmly refused to agree to take the midday bus on to Amboise: What! Miss that good lunch they would have there? Why, it was the best hotel they had been in, and they'd stay on another night. What was all the hurry about?

Fortunately Ada spoke no French and left all the arranging to him. So he told the hotel that they would be leaving by the midday bus and packed all his own things.

He could not pack Ada's, but thought he could do that without being noticed afterwards. He did not like having to arrange it that way, but there was nothing else that he could do. And at least, Ada did leave her handbag behind.

The tour of the dungeons took exactly forty minutes, and they were at the entrance punctually at eleven with Mr. Martingale in his normal clothes. There was a larger party waiting this time, mostly women; and presently the bell rang and the tour began.

Mr. Martingale was perfectly calm. He made a few remarks to his wife in between the patter of the guide, and she made a few remarks to him, generally about her feet.

The horrors of the place did not seem to impinge on her at all. And as usual she dragged behind the party and sat down whenever she could.

Mr. Martingale was relying on that. Lucy had always annoyed him by walking two paces in front of him. Ada annoyed him just as much by walking two paces behind; but now it was an essential part of his plan that she should do so.

THE guide was in good form with his: "Mesdames, Messieurs, here is still more horror!" and at last they came to the dark room down the steps where he gave his usual performance.

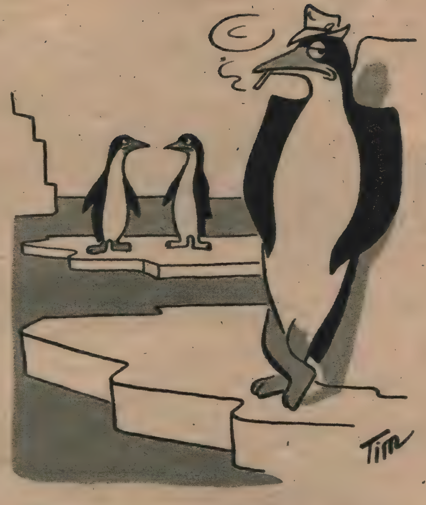
Mr. Martingale was careful to stand close beside Ada while this was going on. As before, when the guide had finished he went with the first half dozen and the rest were left to follow in the feeble light of the one electric globe on the stairs.

Ada was still beside Mr. Martingale when there were only three other dim figures left at the bottom of the steps; but then to his dismay she started hurriedly up the stairs with those other three ahead of her.

He snatched at her sleeve, missed it, and by then she was four steps away from him and moving quickly. He thought the opportunity had gone and in desperation called: "Ada!" in a low urgent tone.

It was his last chance. The rearmost of the retreating figures halted, made some inquiring sound, and stepped back again; and Mr. Martingale, who was standing round the corner in the darkness, pulled her towards him from behind with his hands tight on her throat.

One swift firm knock of her forehead against the stone wall made her senseless. Then as the sound of the feet on the stairs grew more distant, he dragged her in the darkness across the floor until he felt the balustrade with his hand. One heave from there, and it was done. The whole thing took less than a minute.



"Catch him getting his flippers wet!"

NOBODY seemed to notice Mr. Martingale as he came up with the party again. Thanks to his reconnaissance of the afternoon before he was able so to arrange it, by missing one dungeon, that he was at the head of the party when he appeared again. The guide finished his patter and held out his hand; and very soon they were all coming out into the sunlight, blinking, with Mr. Martingale at the head of them.

He drew a deep breath of the warm fresh air and was just going to walk casually down the hill to the hotel, when there was an angry call from behind him.

"Stanley!"

He turned round; and there was Ada, panting with indignation and very much alive.

"Stanley!" she went on loudly. "Whatever do you think you're doing? Taking me to that dreadful place! And leaving me to find my way out all alone! I don't know what's come over you."

People were looking now and listening. Mr. Martingale did his best to lead her away, murmuring something about being dazed by the bright sunlight.

"Well, that's no reason to leave me there in the dark," she complained. "With those black holes in the floor, and all those stairs! I just don't know what you were thinkng of."

He appeased her as best he could, but there was more trouble when they got back to the hotel. Their rooms had been let and they could not stay another night.

The only explanation that Mr. Martingale could offer was that the manager must have misunderstood what he had said in French. But that did not satisfy Ada. She had been looking forward to truffles and *foie gras* for dinner again that evening, and she nagged all through lunch and all the way in the afternoon bus to Amboise.

Each outburst always ended up with the statement that she just did not know what he had been thinking of.

Which was quite true. She didn't. . . .

Mr. Martingale did not sleep well for the next month: In fact, he never slept well again. All through that lunch while Ada was nagging, he was wondering who the woman could have been that he had killed. Was her name Ada, too, or did she think he had cried, "*Aidez!*" for help? More important, did she have a husband or a friend with her? Was she French or English? How soon would they notice that somebody had disappeared?

The only gleam of hope was that there was no motive for her murder, and it was the motive that always first pointed to the guilty person. But what would Ada think if it became known before they left Loches that something more had happened in the dungeons than his inattention to her?

He felt better in the bus on the way to Amboise and better still when the holiday was over and they left France for good. That was just five days later. He had spent those five days, whenever he could get away from Ada, in buying newspapers and studying them to see if there was any account of an accident at Loches. But there was none, and it seemed that he must have had the luck to have picked on someone who had no friends with her.

He felt no pity for his victim, of course; in fact, when Ada continued to nag at him, he thought bitterly that he was the one who had been grossly wronged.

For a change for the worse had come over Ada. She had always been a little inclined to nag; now she nagged incessantly.

It was at this point that he made another unpleasant discovery. He had felt no personal malice towards his wife before the visit to Loches. But now that he did feel the personal malice—and with every reason—he found that he could not make up his mind to do anything about it. He tried to think out new ways of getting rid of her, but his brain refused to help him.

And he had to confess in the end that his nerve had gone. It was no good making plans; for he no longer had the determination to carry them out. His career was ended, and there was nothing in front of him except an endless vista of Ada's nagging.

BUT actually there was more in front of him than that. It was towards the end of June that, while reading the evening paper, he noticed a small paragraph at the bottom of the front page. The paragraph ran as follows:

> BODY IN DUNGEON
>
> The body discovered in the deep *oubliette* at Loches in France has been identified as that of Madame Cécile Vestiers, a widow, whose home was in Bordeaux. Madame Vestiers is believed to have visited the dungeons on the morning of May 21.

It was the last sentence that disturbed Mr. Martingale. If Ada read that, she might begin to put two and two together; for she knew perfectly well that May 21 was the day on which they had been to the dungeons. There and then Mr. Martingale's determination got going again. He would have to kill Ada, and kill her quickly.

Fortunately she did not read the evening papers, but she did read the morning ones and this item of a body at Loches was news and likely to be referred to again.

That night was a Wednesday; and by the time he had gone to bed—after burning the evening paper—Mr. Martingale had decided to push Ada in front of the train on the Underground when they went on Friday to visit her cousin who lived at Harrow.

But when he came back from his office the next day, Ada was not in. There was no sign of her having packed anything to take away; but she was not in, and it was an unheard-of thing for her not to be in in the evening.

MR. MARTINGALE was very worried indeed. He began to wonder whether his brain was going. Had he already killed Ada and forgotten about it? It was uncanny the way she turned up when he thought she was dead, and disappeared when he thought her alive.

He knew he ought to go to the police, but he did not want to go near the police.

So he did nothing all the weekend, and on two occasions when her women friends rang up, he said she had gone away to the country. They both remarked that it was funny that Ada had not told them. . . .

It was Monday evening when a police sergeant and a plain-clothes man arrived at the door. One of them was carrying a coat that belonged to Ada. It had been handed in to the police station, he said, and they would like a word with Mrs. Martingale as to how she had lost it.

"I'm afraid she's out," Mr. Martingale said.

"Could you say when she will be back?" asked the sergeant.

"I—er—she's away for a few days."

"When did she go, Mr. Martingale?"

"On Thursday."

"Then perhaps you'd give us her address?"

Mr. Martingale changed his tactics.

"I don't know her address, Sergeant. I'm very worried."

At this point the sergeant produced a notebook.

"Have you taken any steps to find her, Mr. Martingale?"

"I—no—not yet. I didn't really get worried until this morning. And then your bringing the coat!"

"The coat was found in a carriage on the Southern Region, Mr. Martingale. Just left behind. There's nothing very worrying in that."

"No—but. . . ."

"You've rung up her friends, I suppose?"

"Only two of them," Mr. Martingale lied. "And they didn't know where she was."

"And you didn't do anything else?"

"What else could I have done?"

"You could have come to us, Mr. Martingale. We're there to help. Do you think she's lost her memory?"

"I—I don't think it's likely."

"Was there any quarrel of any kind?"

"No. We've never had a cross word."

For a moment, the two policemen looked at each other, then the plain-clothes one made a suggestion.

"Do you think she could have gone

Continued on page 21

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Pay Packet Isn't All

I HAVE just come across a quotation from an old newspaper. It was written sixty years ago, but this passage is even more pertinent today:

"It is an utterly low view of business which regards it as only a means of getting a living. A man's business is his part of the world's work, his share of the great activities which render society possible."

That's very much to the point today, when there appears to be a growing tendency to indiscipline. At the same time, it's becoming ever more obvious that no man can shirk his duties and responsibilities without harming someone else.

I believe a lot of our trouble is that we just don't think big. We don't look beyond our own trivial corner. We don't realize that our particular job really is part of the whole world's work.

If we're to regain prosperity, it's high time we gave up that "utterly low view of business."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

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JB

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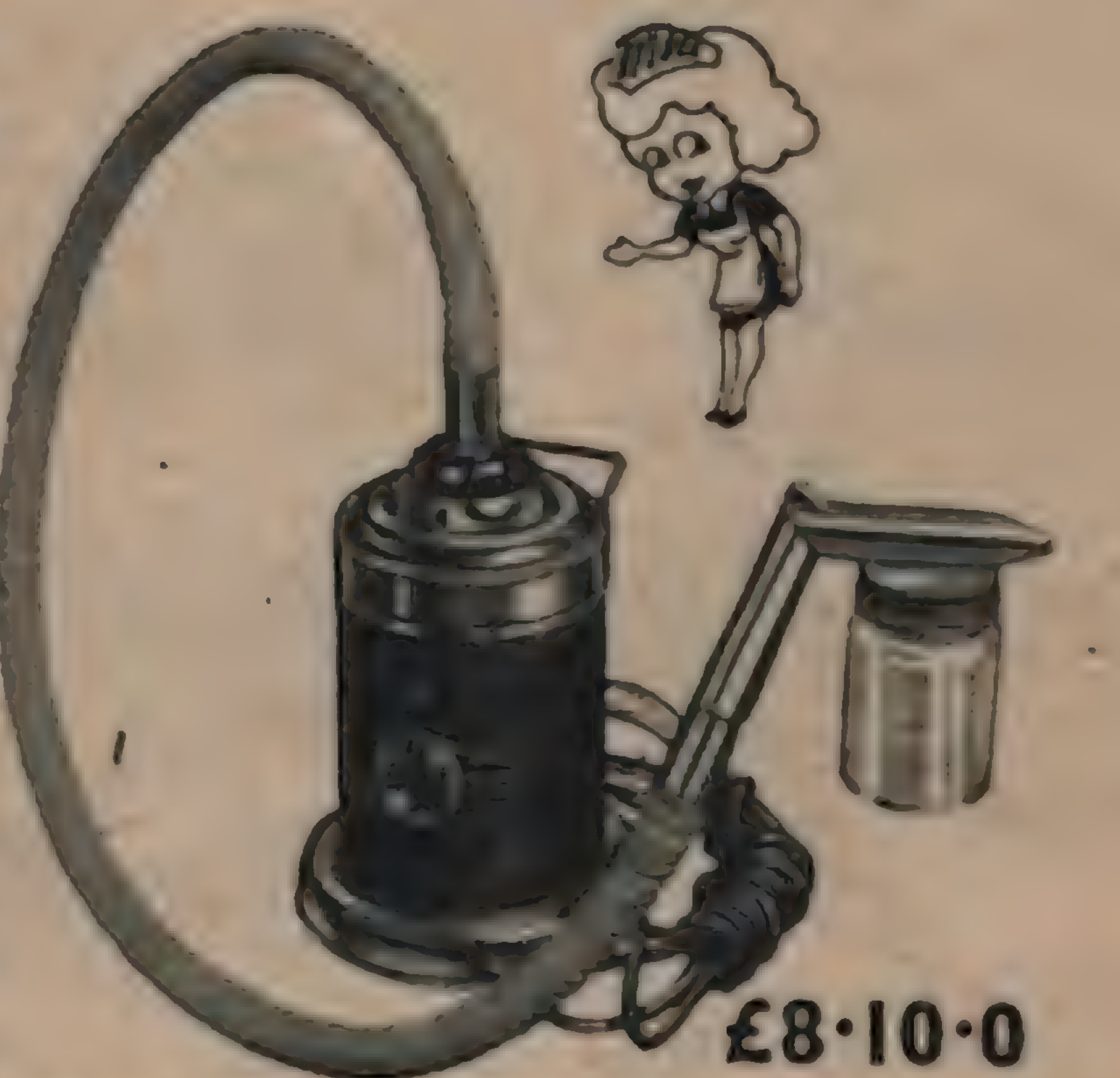

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DELIGHTFUL This lovely model, with a delightful, smooth-as-satin hair-do, follows the lead of the stars as far as her hair is concerned. "Yes, I use Drene, too," she says, "because it leaves no dulling lime-film on my hair." Sensible girl! Drene Shampoo makes your hair *feel* and *look* cleaner.

SOPHISTICATED Style is as important to the much-photographed cover-girl as it is to the glamorous film-star. And the simple sophistication of her hair-style is the key-note to this lovely model's *chic.* "I find Drene Shampoo so helpful with my work," she will tell you, "because it is so quick and simple to use." Drene will make *your* hair more manageable, too.

ALL STAR
drene
SHAMPOO

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THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

JB

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Continued from page 18

abroad, Mr. Martingale? The coat was found in the Dover train."

Mr. Martingale shook his head.

"Any friends in Dover?" the man went on.

"No."

"You did go to France in May with your wife, didn't you?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"What part of France, Mr. Martingale?"

"Touraine."

The two men looked at each other again, and it was the uniformed one who went on.

"Well, don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll make some inquiries, and I'm sure it will be all right. Now you were married in Liverpool in 1939, weren't you?"

Mr. Martingale started at the word—Liverpool.

"No," he said quickly. "I was married here in London in 1945."

"Oh! Then the Stanley Martingale who was married in Liverpool wasn't you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, I think we've got all we need. Don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll find Mrs. Martingale for you."

It was all very well to say that; but Mr. Martingale did worry. With the police on to Liverpool and Touraine, it was the breaking point. As a result it was on a Tuesday and not a Friday that a body was found on the Underground; and the body was Mr. Martingale's, not Ada's.

Afterwards Ada was guarded in what she said to the reporters, but it was a different matter when her women friends came to see her and brought chocolates to loosen her tongue.

Two of the friends were the two who had rung up, Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Padwick; and the third was the rather prim Miss Bridle.

"It was in the morning paper that I first saw it," began Ada. "'Body in dungeon,' it said, and it gave the place and the date. Now I remembered that date, and it fair gave me a turn with Stanley sitting there at the table, drinking his tea and eating his bacon, just opposite."

"You didn't say anything to him, Mrs. Martingale?" asked Mrs. Padwick.

"That I didn't," Ada replied. "Not that I suspected him then, even though he had acted so peculiar when he came out of the dungeon. It was after breakfast that I really began to think. He was in the hall then, with his hat and coat on, and I was halfway up the stairs when I suddenly heard him call: 'Ada!' It was that that gave me the start."

"Didn't he always call you Ada?"

"Yes, he did; and when I'd answered what he wanted to know I could hardly get up to the landing. You see, it brought me right back to the time in the dungeon. I was halfway up the stairs then in just the same way when somebody behind had called, 'Ada' or something like it. I didn't pay any attention at the time, because I didn't recognize his voice and thought he was in front anyway. But I knew then that it was the same voice on both occasions."

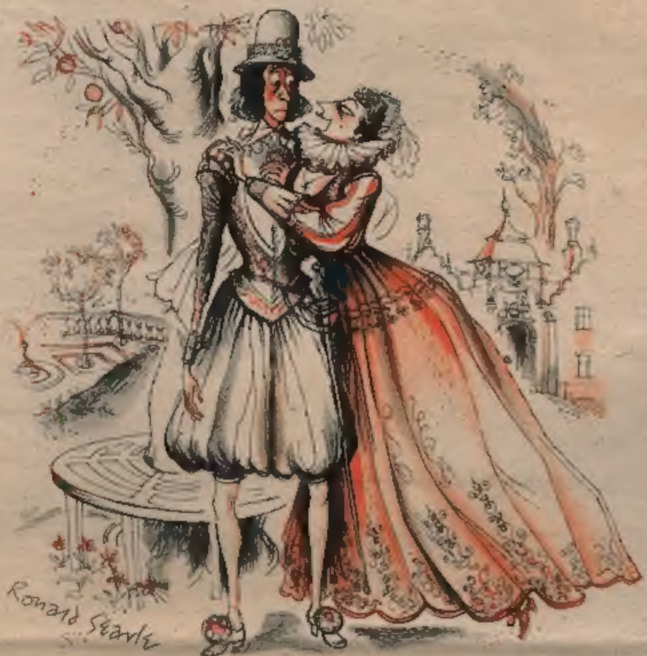
"Well, I never!" Mrs. Seymour said.

"Gave me a start, it did!" Ada was warming to her work. "But I still didn't think . . . I just wondered, if he was behind and not in front at that time, what he was doing and why did he want to call, 'Ada.' It wasn't till an hour later when I was using the vacuum that I thought of it. 'Ada,' I said. 'It was *your* body he intended to push down that gaping black hole. *You*, who had always

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

What's in a name? Quite a lot



Not much fun when a girl whispered, "I love you, Damned Barebones"

A PAL OF MINE was telling me about the christening of his baby son. "We intended to call him George," he said. "But after he was born we knew he wasn't George. He was Anthony."

"How did you know the difference?" I asked.

"Well," he said. "There *is* a difference, isn't there?"

Obviously there is—though neither of us could describe it. Gorgeous George and artistic Anthony? Broad George and slender Anthony? Valiant George and dreamy Anthony? But you can go on for hours like that, and still be groping for the right adjective.

Anyway, said my pal, he and his wife *felt* the boy was Anthony.

If they were right (and there's no reason to suppose they weren't) I thought how lucky it was for the baby that they'd discovered this before they christened him.

If they'd called him George, he might have wasted his whole life trying in vain to *be* a George; or, more probably, led a semi-frustrated sort of existence—torn between the Anthony he felt himself to be, and the George the world expected him to be.

Some people, I suppose, will tell me that's all nonsense—"mere imagination." I've certainly got no scientific evidence for it, no carefully compiled records of how names have influenced their owners. But it seems to me that if a chap's at all sensitive to the sound and feeling of words, the name he's given at birth must surely have a powerful influence on his future happiness. According to whether he feels it fits him or not, that name will help or hinder him, encourage or discourage him, make him feel strong or make him feel weak.

Giving a baby the right name, therefore, seems to me tremendously important—though how you make sure of getting the right name is more than I know. I think my pal and his wife got as close to the perfect method as anyone can when, as he said, they *felt* their baby was an Anthony rather than a George.

Most of us nowadays, I suppose, get our names more or less by accident—being named after Uncle Joe or Auntie Flo, or some other relation. I was named after my father, but if I'd been named after any of my uncles I might have had the name of a great Victorian to live up to.

My Noble Uncles

My grandfather, in later life, started naming his sons after the great men of his day. I have, or did have, quite a noble roll-call of uncles: Gladstone, Stanley, Livingstone and Clifford. (My father escaped, being born before my grandfather thought of the idea.)

Being named after a famous man is at least better than being named after a famous battle—like the unfortunate babies we heard about in the first World War, who got christened "Wipers," and those of the Boer War christened "Mafeking." But, for sheer cruelty in naming children, the old Puritans took a lot of beating, though I suppose they meant well. They were, at least, trying to give their children names with a moral influence.

"Praise-God Barebones" is well known. But, looking him up in the reference library, I came across his brother, "If-Christ-Had-Not-Died-For-You-You-Had-Been-Damned Barebones," known to his friends, of course, as "Damned Barebones."

When a girl whispered, "I love you, Damned Barebones," it must surely have cooled him off a bit.

Puritan girls got their share of choice names, too. In 1644 one poor little foundling was christened "Misericordia-Adulterina," though I doubt if her friends ever learned to manage that enormous mouthful. They probably called her "Ada," or "Dolly."

Some of the Puritans seem to have been less concerned with finding the perfect names for their children than with expressing their own feelings about the birth of the little brats—like the pessimistic parents who christened their offspring "More-Triall."

I suppose it was the much-tried children of such parents who led the way in abolishing the Puritan practice. All the same, I think the Puritans had a glimmering of the right idea, even if they did make a muck of it by taking it too literally.

Martial Herberts—But Not Me

Every name, of course, once had a definite meaning, and plenty of books have been written about those meanings. But I don't think they help much, nowadays. The original meanings no longer hold good. My own name apparently once had something to do with a "bright army." But who, nowadays, thinks of a bright army when they hear the name "Herbert"?

The gentle sound of Herbert suggests a chap who prefers to be round the corner when any armies are about—bright or otherwise. Herbert is a chap who doesn't go looking for trouble. The bugle-call that stirs the blood of the Georges and the Alexanders strikes a Herbert's ear only as an unpleasant noise. Or am I thinking only of this Herbert?

Maybe we'd all be happier if we were given only a temporary name at birth and then allowed to choose a permanent one later on.

If I'd been allowed to choose a name for myself, I think I'd have chosen John. I feel I might have been a much stronger character today if I'd been able to think of myself as John—instead of constantly having to face the sad truth of Herbert.

There's a firmness, a steadfastness, about John. I can't imagine John ever trembling or hanging back or giving way to his lower nature.

Advantages of Being Herbert

Still, now that I'm older and more experienced, I think I've probably led a happier life as Herbert than I should have done as John. For, after all, when a strong character like John does fall into temptation, as we all do now and again, he suffers terribly from shame. He's so strong he can't forgive himself.

Whereas Herbert — well, Herbert knows he's weak. He knows he's liable to fall into any attractive temptation that happens to be about. So when he does fall he isn't surprised. It's only what he expected. Consequently, he doesn't suffer so much from remorse. In fact he's more likely to be thinking how much pleasanter this temptation is than the last one he fell into.

There's certainly a lot to be said for being a Herbert.

FRIDAY IS SUNSHINE DAY

HOWEVER bad the weather, there's always sunshine on Friday for some JOHN BULL reader. Here is one of the latest to discover that—ex-Chief Petty Officer R. Rayner, 39 Blue Hill Crescent, Upper Wortley, Leeds.

"When I arrived home last Friday evening, my wife was looking out of the window, her face especially beaming. Then she greeted me with *the* telegram—our passport to a free holiday."

That, he told us, was how Mr. Rayner got the news of his First Prize for the Bullet, IN INDUSTRY'S RANKS—*Whispering* ORDERS, STALIN'S "SERGEANTS." A few days later the postman delivered his £250 cheque and soon he and his wife will be celebrating with a carefree holiday as JOHN BULL'S guests.

Every Friday brings First Prize news by telegram to some *Bullets* entrant, but the season of free holidays *with* big *Bullets* cheques will soon be over. If you want to win one this week, post that coupon below by Tuesday, August 3!

"Bullets" 1,636 Result

FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: J. B. Taylor, Highgate, New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs:

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THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Swiss Holiday: R. D. Gordon, 44 Moss Side Road, Glasgow, S.1: TO SELL THE GOODS—POVERTY *Helps* COMMUNISM'S "SALESMEN."

TEN of £5: E. K. Beard, 11 Fergusson Road, Banbury: TEACHER'S REWARD—SONNY BRINGS HER *Posers*. E. K. Carey, 45 Mill Street, Basford, Nottingham: LEFT WITH HEADACHE—BY THROB OVERHEAD, SOKOLOVSKY! Mrs. H. Clarke, 7 Newman Crescent, Dartington, Totnes: WHY HE'S EMIGRATING—THOUGHT QUEUE FOR *Cigarettes*! L. Emmott, 5 Victoria Street, Bradford: THREAT TO PEACE—LESSENED? ENDLESS! Mrs. N. Haigh, 32 Cave Lane, East Ardsley, nr. Wakefield: A MARVEL—OF ENGINEERING, GRANDPA'S WATCH! H. Helm, 58 Windsor Road, Gt. Harwood: THE BEETLE STOPPED AND—ADMIRED DAD'S PULLOVER! H. James, 4 Percy Street, Shrewsbury: LEFT WITH ENDLESS—"PAYMENTS." ACCEPTING RUSSIA'S BLACKMAIL. W. C. Lee, Top Flat, 174 North Road, Prittlewell: WITH KNEES KNOCKING—AGAINST HUNDREDS, "NO CIGARETTES!" W. E. Page, 41 Dogfield Street, Cathays, Cardiff: HOLIDAY HERO—BUT VILLAIN WAS MARRIED! E. Shore, 19 Lang Road, Manchester, 10: TEACHER'S SUCCESS — CREATING "DON" — *and* "BRADMAN."

Swiss Holidays arranged by Cook's. 20 Prizes of £1 1s., 50 *Bullets* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shots" have been posted.

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Your Seaside Week with a companion can be taken when you wish at the holiday resort of your choice—JOHN BULL pays the bill.

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

20 Coach Trip Prizes of 21s.

1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets* or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 588

Already 52 free Seaside Holidays have been won in JOHN BULL'S Crossword this year. Use care and common-sense with this week's Clues and, like those winners below, you can capture a big cheque and free Seaside Week for Two!

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Ghastly. 4, Lead. 5, Foe. 8, Land. 10, Gates. 12, Cool. 13, Cramp. 14, Bunk. DOWN: 1, Gapes. 2, Steed. 3, Flood. 6, Watch. 7, Art. 9, Clock. 11, Slip.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: G. Barnwell, 7 Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks; Mrs. H. Glasby, The Leas, Leeming Lane, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; F. J. Jenkins, 6 Dorrington Gardens, Hornchurch, Essex; Miss P. Piercy, Thaxted House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two. Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 56 entrants.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Road To Recovery
The Country
Remember, Stalin
How War Begins
Homeward Bound
Between The Showers
It's Tough Going, But
The Ashes
Big Enough
Doctor And Patient
Holiday For Her
Happy Ending
Ignorance
Got Sonny Into Trouble

A Certainty
Abie's Greyhound
Riot Of Colour
Before Breakfast
Raking In The Money
On The Village Green

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

With America's........
As Long As We......
Driven To................
No............About It
Took His...............
There's Always...., So

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 14, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,640 (or Xword 592) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 14 containing
GRAND NEW PRIZE OFFER

453
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
....

EXAMPLE ....
BULLET
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper — see Bonus Offer.

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark,
1,640 TUES., AUG. 3
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.
value ....
No. ....

Signed ....
Address ....
....
....

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to £225

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

★ SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 592**

1. A rebuff can sometimes be described as this
2. All over the country, holidaymakers pack them
4. It's painful to learn of innocent these being twisted
6. One of disappointment can hurt another's feelings
7. There's a general association between wealth and
8. Often built for comfort, too
14. It can be unwarrantable to do this

Down Clues

1. May simply fly to head
3. In the old days, great many of Britain's poor would have been thankful for
5. It may be no easier to forgive one who is sentimental
9. Pretty one may well make a fellow nervous
10. There's something magical about
11. You must select the right quality of this for match
12. Ace is found in
13. You can often do this by cobbling

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

1 C	H	E		K	■	2 B	A		3 S
O	I	L	■	4 A		M	S	■	
L	E	I	5 S	■	■	A	S	I	A
	■	6 S	I	G		■	■	R	C
■	7	A	N	K	■	8	O	O	K
9	■	■		■	10	■	V	N	■
A	11 W	■	E	12 P	U	R	E	■	13
S	O	V	R	A	N	■	R	H	A
S	O	C	■	C	E	■	D	I	V
■		592	■		■	14	O	P	E

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Aug. 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark,
592 TUES., AUG. 3
I enclose P.O. value....
No. ....

Signed ....
Address ....
....

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Continued from previous page

been so good to him!' Just think of that!"

"What did you do then?" Miss Bridle asked. Ada took another chocolate.

"Do?" she repeated with her mouth full. "I put on my hat and coat and went to the police. I wasn't going to stay another minute in this house with him around. And the police wouldn't listen at first; said I was imagining things.

"But when I told them my name was Ada, and what the dungeon was like and what I'd heard, and how peculiar Stanley had acted when we came out, they began to show a little interest. After all they couldn't get away from that dead body in the dungeon.

"So they told me to come back the same evening when they'd have made some inquiries and telephoned to France. And when I did come back, they said it might be a good thing if I disappeared for a time while they made still further inquiries and watched how Stanley behaved."

Mrs. Padwick spoke acidly. "Well, we all know how he behaved. Just as if nothing had happened!"

"That was him all over!" Ada said harshly. "Deceitful! When I think of all the trouble I've taken to make him comfortable! The queues I've stood in and the cooking I've done! It fair makes you lose your belief in human nature. A little mouse of a man like that!"

"I hope you won't have to give up this house?" Miss Bridle murmured.

"It's my house and always was," Ada said tartly. "Stanley never provided anything except the housekeeping money, and he might have provided twice what he did with the fifteen thousand pounds he left."

"Fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Yes. I shan't be so badly off."

"I wonder you can touch it!" Miss Bridle said primly, and shuddered.

"Not touch it!" Ada said. "Why not?"

"Well, it's the money he got from the other women he killed, isn't it?"

Ada started on another chocolate.

"What if it is?" she ended loudly. "Who's got a better right to that money than I have, I should like to know?"

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Voluntary Contributor

A MARRIED WOMAN, who has just retired from work, asks if it will benefit her to become a voluntary contributor to National Insurance. She writes:

"I am a married woman, aged fifty, and have been insured for health and pension since 1943, but I have now retired. If I become a voluntary contributor, will I receive a pension when I am sixty? Will I be entitled to health benefits and how much must I pay under the new scheme?"

If you continue paying contributions until you are sixty, you will be able to claim a pension on your insurance irrespective of the age ~~of your~~ husband. If you make a declaration of retirement from regular employment, the pension will be 26s. a week. The rate of contribution is 3s. 8d. a week.

As a non-employed person you will not be entitled to sickness or unemployment benefits, but you will be eligible for treatment and other benefits under the National Health Service Act.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

Pilot's Compass

Aircrew vacancies again

"What's your 'bearing' in life?" A career or just a job? Dull routine or an absorbing, responsible future?

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It is intended that a high proportion of the future commissioned officers will be drawn from entries under this scheme.

Full details including medical standards required are obtainable from any R.A.F. Recruiting Centre or by sending a postcard marked "AIRCREW" asking for pamphlet 96 to the Air Ministry, Dept. JBC 7 Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Royal Air Force

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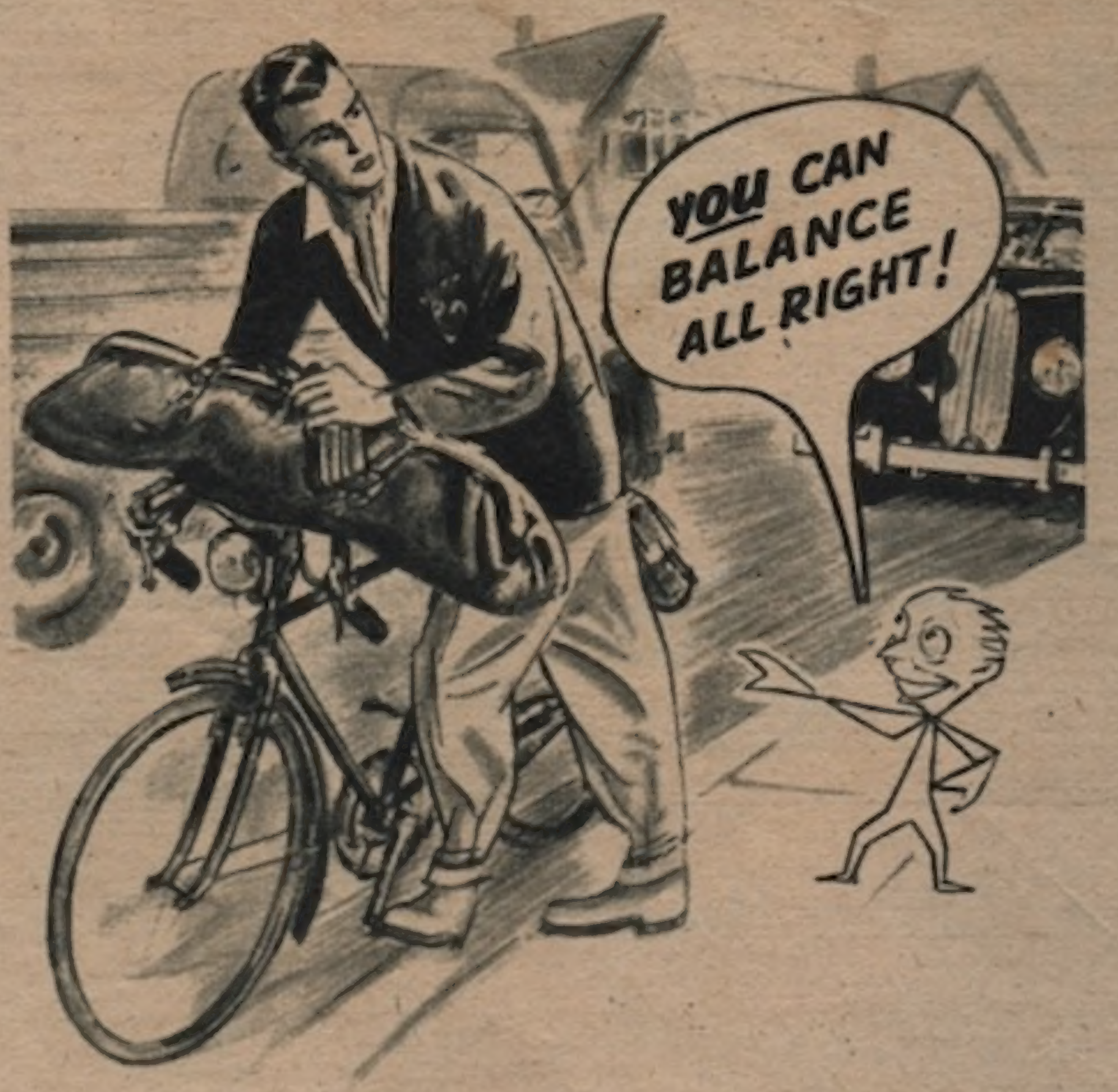

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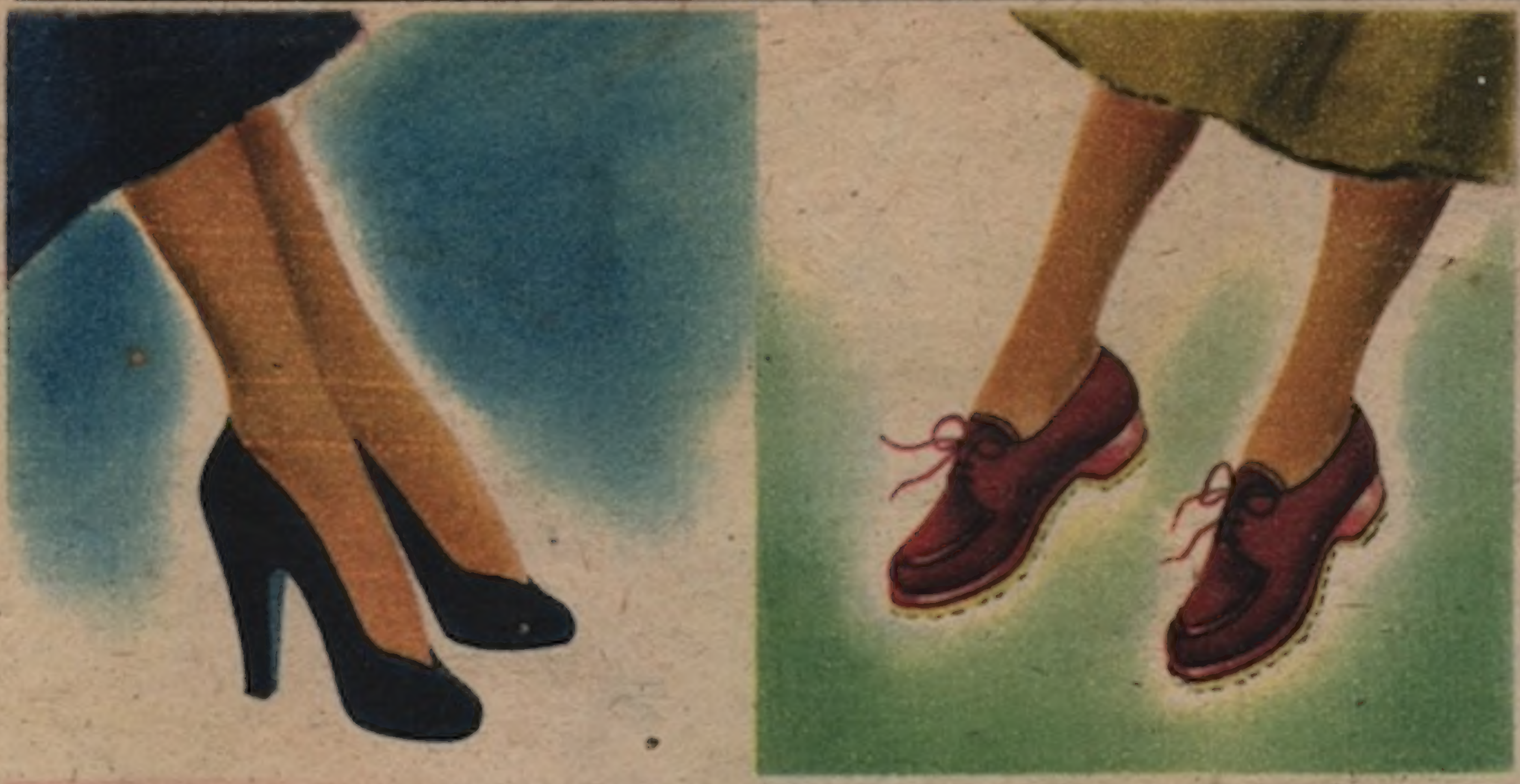

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